The Con

EVERY

OVT OF HIS HVMOR.

AS IT WAS FIRST COMPOSED by the Author B. I.

Containing more than hath been publikely Spoken or Acted.

With the ſeuerall Character of euery Perſon.

*Non aliena meo preſſi pede | * ſi propius ſtes*
*Te capient magis | * & decies repetita placebunt.*

LONDON,

Printed for *William H*[illegible]

...mes of the actors.

ASPER, The Presenter.

MACILENTE. SAVIOLINA. SORDIDO. His Hind.

PVNTARVOLO { His Ladie. / Waiting Gent. / Huntsman. / Seruingmen 2. / Dog and Cat. } FVNGOSO { Taylor. / Haberdasher. / Shomaker. }

CARLO BVFFONE. SOGLIARDO.

FASTID. BRISKE. { *Cinedo* his Page. } SHIFT. { *Rustici.* / A Groome. / Drawers. }

DELIRO. { *Fido* their Seruant. / Musitians. } CLOVE. { Constable, and Officers. }

FALLACE. { Musitians. } ORENGE.

GREX.

CORDATVS. MITIS.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

HE *is of an ingenious & free spir...*
without feare controuling the worlds ...
uile hope of Gaine, or frosty apprehension of Danger, can make
to be a Parasite, *either to* Time, Place, *or* Opinion.

MACILENTE.

A *Man well parted, a sufficient Scholler, and trauail'd; who (wanting that place in the worlds account, which he thinks his merit capable of) fals into such an enuious* Apoplexie, *with which his iudgement is so dazeled and distasted, that he growes voilently impatient of any opposite happinesse in another.*

PVNTARVOLO.

A *Vaine-glorious Knight, ouer-Englishing his trauels, and wholy consecrated to* Singularity; *the very* Iacobs *staffe of* Complement: *a Sir that hath liu'd to see the* reuolution *of* Time *in most of his apparell. Of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his owne praise, that for want of flatterers, he commends himselfe to the* floutage *of his owne familie. He deales vpon returns, and strange performances, resoluing, in despight of publike derision; to sticke to his own particular* fashion, phrase, *and* gesture.

CARLO BVFFONE.

A *Publik-scurrulous, & prophane Iester, that (more swift than* Circe *with absurd* Simile's *wil transforme any person into Deformity. A good Feast-hound or Banket-beagel, that wil sent you out a supper some three mile off, and sweare to his patrons* (God dam me) *he came in Ours when he was but wafted ouer in a Sculler. A slaue that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his Pallat, & wil swil vp more Sack at a sitting, than would make all the* Guard *a* Posset. *His* Religion *is* railing, *and his discourse* Ribaldrie. *They stand highest in his respect, whome he studies most to reproch.*

PASTIDIVS BRISKE.

A *Neat, spruce, affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes wel, and in* Fashion; *practiseth by his glasse how to salute: speakes good Remnants* (*notwithstanding the* Base-viol, *and* Tabacco:) *sweares tersely,*

fauor he belies, or great mans
ne the boot of a Coach. He will bor-
and backs him as his own. Or for a
[illegible] credite with his Merchant, onelie
with the Gingle of his Spur, and the Ierke of his Wand.

DELIRO.

A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the Common Counsel for his wealth: a fellow sincerely besotted on his own wife, & so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holds himselfe vnworthy of her. And in that hood-winkt humor, liues more like a suter than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made loue to hir. He doth sacrifice twopence in Iuniper to her euery morning before she rises, & makes hir with villanous-out-of-tune musick, which she out of hir contempt (though not out of hir iudgment) is sure to dislike.

FALLACE.

DEliro's Wife and Idoll, a proud minting Peat, & as peruerse as he is officious, shee dotes as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and onely wants the Face to be dishoneſt.

SAVIOLINA.

A Court Lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admir'de by her selfe and one more, her seruant Briske.

SORDIDO.

A Wretched Hobnail'd Chuffe, whose recreation, is reading of Almanacks; and felicitie, foule weather. One that neuer pray'd, but for a leane Dearth, and euer wept in a fat Harueſt.

FVNGOSO.

THe Son of Sordido, and a student: one that has reuel'd in his time, & followes the Fashion a far off like a Spie. He makes it the whole bent of his endeuours to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched father, to put him in the Courtiers Cut: at which he earnestly aims, but so vnluckily, that he still lights short a Sute.

SOGLIARDO.

AN essentiall clowne, brother to Sordido, yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it though he buyes it. He comes vp euery Tearm to learn to take Tabacco & see new Motions. He is in his Kingdome when he can get himselfe into company, where he may be well laught at.

A thred-

A *Threadbare* Sharke. *One that* [illegible] dings. *His profession is* skeldr[illegible] *and his Ware-house* Pict-hatch. *Takes vp* [illegible] *dooms day. Fals vnder Executions of three shillings, & enters into fiue groat Bonds. He way laies the reports of* seruices, *& cons them without booke, damning himselfe he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in a bawdy house, or lay pawn'd in his chamber for rent & victuals. He is of that admirable & happy Memory, that hee will salute one for an old acquaintance, that he neuer sawe in his life before. He vsurps vpon Cheats, Quarrels, & Robberies, which hee neuer did, only to get him a name. His chiefe exercises are taking the* Whiffe, *squiring a* Cocatrice, *and making priuy searches for* Imparters.

Clove and Orenge.

A Ninseperable Case of Coxcoms, city-born: The Gemini *or Twins of foppery: that like a paire of wodden Foiles, are fit for nothing, but to be practis'd vpon. Being well flatter'd, they'le lend money, and repent when they ha' don. Their glory is to feast players, & make suppers. And in company of better ranke (to auoyd the suspect of insufficiency) wil enforce their Ignorance most desperatly, to set vppon the vnderstanding of any thing.* Orenge *is the more humorous of the two (whose small portion of iuice (being squeez'd out)* Cloue *serues to stick him with cõmendatiõs.*

Cordatvs.

The Authors *friend; A man inly acquainted with the scope & drift of his* Plot: *Of a discreet & vnderstanding Iudgment, and has the place of a* Moderator.

Mitis.

Is a person of no Action, *and therefore we haue* Reason *to afford him no* Character.

IT was not neere his thoughts that hath published this, either to traduce the Authour; or to make vulgar and cheape, any the peculiar & sufficient deserts of the Actors: but rather (whereas many Censures flutter'd about it) to giue al leaue, and leisure, to iudge with distinction.

Euery man out of his Humor.

Inductio, ſono ſecundo.

GREX.

Aſper, Cordatus, Mitis.

Cord. NAy my deere *Aſper*,
Mit. Stay your mind,
Aſp. Away.
Who is ſo patient of this impious world,
That he can checke his ſpirit, or reine his tongue?
Or who hath ſuch a dead vnfeeling ſence,
That heauens horride thunders cannot wake?
To ſee the earth, crackt with the weight of ſinne,
Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heads
Blacke rau nous Ruine with her faile-ſtretcht wings,
Readie to ſinke vs downe and couer vs,
Who can behold ſuch prodigies as theſe,
And haue his lips ſeal'd vp? not I: my ſoule
Was neuer ground into ſuch oyly colours,
To flatter Vice and daube Iniquity:
But (with an armed, and reſolued hand)
Ile ſtrip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth:
Cord. Be not too bold,
Aſp. You trouble me, and with a whip of ſteele
Print wounding laſhes in their yron ribs.
I feare no mood ſtampt in a priuate brow,
When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publike vice.

I feare no ſtrumpets drugs, nor run
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries;
No brokers, vſurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I diſpos'd to ſay, they're all corrupt.
I feare no courtiers frowne, ſhould I applaud
The eaſie flexure of his ſupple hammes:
Tut, theſe are ſo innate and popular,
That drunken *Cuſtome* would not ſhame to laugh
(In ſcorne) at him, that ſhould but dare to taxe 'hem:
And yet, not one of theſe but knowes his Workes,
Knowes what *Damnation* is, the *Deuill*, and *Hell*,
Yet howerly they perſiſt, grow ranke in ſinne,
Puffing their ſoules away in peri'rous aire,
To cheriſh their extortion, pride, or luſts.

Mit. Forbeare good *Aſper*, be not like your name.

Aſp. O, but to ſuch, whoſe faces are all zeale,
And (with the words of *Hercules*) inuade
Such crimes as theſe; that will not ſmell of ſinne,
But ſeeme as they were made of Sanctitie;
Religion in their garments, and their haire
Cut ſhorter than their eie-browes; when the conſcience
Is vaſter than the Ocean, and deuours
More wretches than the *Counters*.

Mit. Gentle *Aſper*,
Containe your ſpirit in more ſtricter bounds,
And be not thus tranſported with the violence
Of your ſtrong thoughts.

Cord. Vnleſſe your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new againe,
It is in vaine to ſpend it in theſe moods.

Aſp. I not obſeru'd this thronged round till now:
Gracious, and kind Spectators, you are welcome,
Apollo, and the *Muſes* feaſt your eies
With graceſull obiects; and may our *Minerua*
Anſwere your hopes, vnto their largeſt ſtraine,
Yet here, miſtake me not iudicious friends:
I doe not this to beg your patience,

plause,
Like pairing in his merit:
Let me be censur'd, by th'austerest brow,
Where *I* want art, or iudgement, taxe me freely:
Let enuious *Critickes* with their broadest eies
Looke through and through me; I pursue no fauor:
Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.
O how I hate the monstrousnesse of time,
Where euery seruile imitating spirit,
(Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)
In a meere halting fury, striues to fling
His vlc'rous body in the Thespian spring,
And streight leap's forth a Poet; but as lame
As *Vulcane*, or the founder of Criplegate.

Mit. In faith this Humor will come ill to some,
You will be thought to be too peremptorie.

Asp. This Humor? good; and why this Humor, *Mitis?*
Nay doe not turne, but answere.

Mit. Answere? what?

Asp. I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,
I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
To giue these ignorant wei-spoken daies
Some tast of their abuse of this word *Humor.*

Cor. O doe not let your purpose fall, good *Asper,*
It cannot but arriue most acceptable,
Chiefely to such as haue the happinesse
Daily to see how the poore innocent word
Is rackt, and tortur'd.

Mit. I; I pray you proceed.

Asp. Ha? what? what is't?

Cord. For the abuse of Humor.

Asp. O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.
Why *Humor* (as 'tis *eus*) we thus define it
To be a quality of aire or water,
And in it selfe holds these two properties,
Moisture and Fluxure: As for demonstration,

Poure water on this floore, 'twill we[illegible]
Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)
Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind
A kinde of due; and hence we doe conclude,
That what soe're hath fluxure and humiditie,
As wanting power to containe it selfe,
Is *Humor*: so in euery humane bodie
The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receiue the name of Humors. Now thus farre
It may by Metaphore apply it selfe
Vnto the generall disposition,
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers
In their confluctions all to runne one way,
This may be truly said to be a Humor,
But that a Rooke in wearing a pide feather,
The cable hatband, or the three-pild ruffe,
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzers knot
On his French garters, should affect a Humor,
O, 'tis more than most ridiculous.

Cord. He speakes pure truth: Now if an Ideot
Haue but an Apish or Phantasticke straine,
It is his Humor.

Asp. Well I will scourge those apes,
And to these courteous eies oppose a mirror
As large as is the Stage whereon we act,
Where they shall see the times deformity,
Anotamiz'd in euery Nerue and sinew,
With constant courage, and contempt of feare.

Mit. *Asper* (I vrge it as your friend) take heed,
The daies are dangerous, full of exception,
And men are growne impatient of reproofe.

Asp. Ha, ha;
You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,

This [illegible] had mou'd alike.
Doe not I know the times condition?
Yes *Mitis*; and their ſoules, and who they be
That either will or can except againſt me:
None but a ſort of fooles, ſo ſicke in taſt,
That they contemne all Phyſicke of the mind;
And like gald Camels kicke at euery touch,
Good men, and vertuous ſpirits, that loath their vices,
Will cheriſh my free labours, loue my lines,
And with the feruor of their ſhining grace,
Make my braine fruitfull to bring forth more obiects
Worthy their ſerious and intentiue eies.
But why enforce I this, as fainting? no:
If any here chance to behold himſelfe,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For if he ſhame to haue his follies knowne,
Firſt he ſhould ſhame to act'hem: my ſtrict hand
Was made to ceaze on vice; and with a gripe
Cruſh out the Humor of ſuch ſpongie ſoules,
As licke vp euery idle vanity.

Cord. Why this is right *Furor Poeticus*:
Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience
Will yet conceiue the beſt, or entertaine
This ſuppoſition, That a madman ſpeakes.

Aſp. What? are you ready there? *Mitis* ſit downe;
And my *Cordatus*. Sound hoe, and begin:
I leaue you two as Cenſors to ſit here,
Obſerue what I preſent, and liberally
Speake your opinions, vpon euery Scene,
As it ſhall paſſe the view of theſe Spectators;
Nay now, y'are tedious Sirs, for ſhame begin:
And *Mitis*, note me if in all this front,
You can eſpie a gallant of this marke,
Who (to be thought one of the iudicious)
Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pul'd here,
Cries meaw, and nods, then ſhakes his empty head,
Will ſhew more ſeuerall motions in his face,

Than the new London, Rome, or Nine—,
And (now and then) breakes a drie bisket ieſt,
Which that it may more eaſily be chew'd,
He ſleeps in his owne laughter.
Cord. Why? will that
Make it be ſooner ſwallow'd?
Aſp. O, aſſure you:
Or if it did not, yet as *Horace* ſings:
„ *Ieiunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit,*
„ Meane cates are welcome ſtill to hungrie gueſts.
Cor. 'Tis true, but why ſhould we obſerue 'hem *Aſper?*
Aſp. O I would know 'hem, for in ſuch aſſemblies,
Th'are more infectious than the Peſtilence,
And therefore I would giue them pils to purge,
And make 'hem fit for faire ſocieties.
How monſtrous and deteſted is't to ſee
A fellow that has neither art nor braine,
Sit like an *Ariſtarchus*, or ſtarke aſſe,
Taking mens lines with a Tabacco face
In ſnuffe, ſtill ſpitting, vſing his wried lookes
(In nature of a vice) to wreſt and turne
The good aſpect of thoſe that ſhall ſit neere him,
From what they doe behold? O tis moſt vile.
Mit. Nay *Aſper.*
Aſp. Peace *Mitis*, I doe know your thought:
You'le ſay, your audience will except at this?
Piſh: you are too timorous, and full of doubt:
Then, he a patient, ſhall reiect all Phyſicke
'Cauſe the phyſitian tels him you are ſicke:
Or, if I ſay that he is vicious,
You will not heare of vertue: come, y'are fond.
Shall I be ſo extrauagant to thinke
That happy iudgements and compoſed ſpirits
Will challenge me for taxing ſuch as theſe?
I am aſham'd.
Cord. Nay, but good pardon vs:
We muſt not beare this peremptorie faile,

But v[illegible]urs how to please.

Asp. Why therein I commend your carefull thoughts,
And I will mixe with you in industrie
To please; but whom? attentiue auditors,
Such as will ioine their profit with their pleasure,
And come to feed their vnderstanding parts:
For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,
And speake away my spirit into aire;
For these, Ile melt my braine into inuention,
Coine new conceits, and hang my richest words
As polisht iewels in their bounteous eares.
But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience;
If I dwel here, they'le not begin, I see:
Friends sit you still, and entertaine this troupe
With some familiar and by-conference,
Ile hast them sound: now gentlemen I go
To turne an Actor, and a Humorist,
Where (ere I do resume my present person)
We hope to make the circles of your eies
Flow with distilled laughter: if we faile,
We must impute it to this onely chance,
„ *Art* hath an enemie cal'd *Ignorance*.

Exit.

Cord. How do you like his spirit, *Mitis*?

Mit. I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident.

Cord. Why, do you suspect his merit?

Mit. No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.

Cordatus. O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if he had no enemies, I should esteeme his fortunes most wretched at this instant.

Mit. You haue seene his play *Cordatus*? pray you; how is't?

Cord. Faith sir, I must refraine to iudge, onely this I can say of it, 'tis strange, and of a perticular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Vetus Comœdia*: a worke that hath bounteously pleased me, how it will answere the generall expectation, I know not.

Mit. Does he obserue all the lawes of Comedie in it?

Cord. What lawes meanie you?

Mit. Why

Mit. Why the equall deuiſion o[illegible] ording to the Terentian manner, his true number of Actors; the furniſhing of the Scene with *Grex* or *Chorus*, and that the whole Argument fall within compaſſe of a daies efficiencie.

Cord. O no, theſe are too nice obſeruations.

Mit. They are ſuch as muſt be receiued by your fauour, or it cannot be Authentique.

Cord. Troth I can diſcerne no ſuch neceſſitie.

Mit. No?

Cord. No. I aſſure you ſignior; if thoſe lawes you ſpeake of, had beene deliuered vs, *ab Initio*; and in their preſent vertue and perfection, there had beene ſome reaſon of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comœdia*, was at firſt nothing but a ſimple and continued Satyre, ſung by one only perſon, till *Suſario* inuented a ſecond, after him *Epicharmus* a third, *Phormus*, and *Chionides* deuiſed to haue foure Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which *Cratinus* (long after) added a fift and ſixt; *Eupolis* more, *Ariſtophanes* more than they: euery man in the dignity of his ſpirit and iudgement, ſupplied ſomething: and (though that in him this kind of Poeme appeared abſolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of it chang'd ſince, in *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Cecilius*, *Plautus*, and the reſt; who haue vtterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the property of the perſons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all libertie, according to the elegancie and diſpoſition of thoſe times wherein they wrote? I ſee not then but wee ſhould enioy the ſame *Licentia* or free power, to illuſtrate and heighten our inuention as they did; and not bee tied to thoſe ſtrict and regular formes, which the niceneſſe of a fewe (who are nothing but Forme) would thruſt vpon vs.

Mit. Well, we will not diſpute of this nowe: but what's his Scene?

Cor. Mary *Inſula fortunata*, Sir.

Mit. O, the fortunate Iland? maſſe he was bound himſelfe to a ſtrict law there.

Cor. Why ſo?

Mit. Hee cannot lightly after the Scene without croſſing the ſeas.

Co. , hauing a whole Ilande to runne through, I thinke.

Mit. No? howe comes it then, that in someone play wee see so manye Seas, Countries, and Kingdomes, past ouer with such admirable dexteritie?

Cor. O, that but shewes how wel the Authors can trauaile in their vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their Auditory. But leauing this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sower the best-settled patience in the Theatre.

Mit. They haue answered your wish Sir: they sounde.

Sound the third time.

ENTER PROLOGVE.

Cord. O here comes the Prologue: Now sirre, if you had stayed a little longer, I meant to haue spoke your prologue for you, I fayth.

Prol. Mary with all my heart sir, you shall do it yet, and I thanke you.

Cord. Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?

Prol. You coulde not haue studyed to ha'done mee a greater benefite at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I spoke it) I must of necessity haue beene out.

Cord. Why but do you speake this seriously?

Prol. Seriously! I (God's my helpe do I) and esteeme my selfe indebted to your kindnesse for it.

Cor. For what?

Pro. Why for vndertaking the prologue for mee.

Cor. How? did I vndertake it for you?

Pro. Did you! I appeale to all these Gentlemen whether you did or no? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now; but 'twil not serue.

Cor. Fore God but it must serue: and therefore speake your prologue.

Pro. And I doe, let mee die poyson'd with some venemous hisse, and neuer liue to looke as highe as the two-pennie roome,

gaine.

Mit. Hee has put you to it, Syr:

Cord. Sdeath, what a humorous fellowe is this? Gentlemen, good faith I can ſpeake no prologue, howſoeuer his weake wit has had the fortune to make this ſtrong vſe of mee here before you: but I proteſt;

Enter Carlo Boffone, with a Boy.

Carl. Come, come, leaue theſe fuſtian proteſtations: away, come, I cannot abide theſe gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glaſſe, quickly, I may bid theſe gentlemen welcom; giue 'hem a health here: I mar'le whoſe wit 'twas to put a prologue in yon'd Sackbuts mouth: they might wel thinke heel'd be out of tune, and yet youl'd plaie vpon him too. *Exit Boie.*

Cord. Hang him dull block.

Carl. O good wordes, good wordes, a well-timberde fellow, hee woulde ha'made a good columne and he had been thought on when the houſe was a building. O art thou come? wel ſayd: giue mee; Boy, fil, ſo: here's a cup of wine ſparkles like a Diamonde. Gentlewomen (I am ſworne to put them in firſt) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad prologue, I drink this good draught to your health here, Canarie, the verie *Elixi'r* and Spirit of wine: this is that our Poet calles Caſtalian liquor, when hee comes abroad (nowe and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good Meale among plaiers; where he has *Caninum appetitum*: mary at home hee keepes a good Philoſophicall diet, beans and butter-milke: an honeſt pure rogue, he wil take you off three, foure, fiue of theſe one after another, and looke vilanouſly when he has done, like a one-headed *Cerberus* (he do'not heare me I hope) and then when his belly is well ballac't, and his braine rigg'd a little; he ſailes away withall, as though he would worke wonders when hee comes home: hee has made a plaie heere, & hee cals it; *Euery man out of his humour*. Sblood and hee get mee out of the humour hee has put mee in, Ile ner'e truſt none of his tribe agayne, while I liue. Gentles, al I canne ſay for him, is, you are welcome. I coulde wiſhe my bottle heere amongſt you; but there's an olde rule; *No pledging your owne health*: marye if anye heere bee thirſtye for it, theyr beſt waye (that I knowe) *Enter Boy with a glaſſe.* (*He drinkes.*)

is,

is, sit st[illegible]ups, and drinke so much of the play in at their eares. *Exit.*

Mit. What may this fellow be, *Cordatus*?

Cord. Faith, if the time will suffer his description, I'le giue it you: he is one, the Author cals him *Carlo Buffone*, an impudent common iester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible Epicure: one, whose company is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none; he wil sooner loose his soule than a iest, and prophane euen the most holy things, to excite laughter: no honourable or reuerende personage whatsoeuer, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd into all manner of varietie, by his adulterate *simile's*.

Mit. You paint forth a monster.

Cord. He will prefer all countries before his natiue, and thinks hee can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his affectionate conceit of forrein Atheistical pollicies: but stay, obserue these, hee'le appeare himselfe anon.

Enter Macilente, solus.

Mit. O, this is your enuious man (*Macilente*) I thinke.

Cord. The same, sir.

Actvs Primvs. Scena Prima.

Mac. Viri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facile ferre:
Tis true; but Stoique; where (in the vast worlde)
Doth that man breath, that can so much command
His bloud and his affection? well; I see,
I striue in vaine to cure my wounded soule;
For euery cordiall that my thoughtes applie
Turns to a cor'siue, and doth eat it farder.
There is no taste in this Philosophie,
Tis like a Potion that a man shoulde drinke,
But turnes his Stomacke with the sight of it.
I am no such pild *Cinique*, to beleeue
That beggerie is the onelie happinesse;
Or (with a number of these patient fooles)
To sing: *My minde to mee a Kingdome is*,
When the lanke hungry belly barkes for foode:

I looke into the worlde, and there I meet
With obiectes, that doe ſtrike my blood-ſhot eies
Into my braine; where, when I view my ſelfe;
Hauing before obſeru'd: this man is great,
Mighty, and fear'd: that lou'd and highly fauour'd;
A third, thought wiſe and learned: a fourth, rich,
And therefore honour'd: a fifth, rarelie featur'd:
A ſixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes:
When I ſee theſe (I ſay) and view my ſelfe,
I wiſh my *Optique* inſtruments were crackt;
And that the engine of my griefe coulde caſt
Mine eye-bals like two globes of wild-fire forth,
To melt this vnproportion'd frame of Nature.
Oh, they are thoughts that haue tranſſixt my heart,
And often (i' the ſtrength of apprehenſion)
Made my cold paſſion ſtand vpon my face,
Like droppes of ſweate on a ſtiffe cake of yce.

GREX.

Cor. This alludes well to that of the Poet,
Inuidus ſuſpirat, gemit, incuſitque dentes,
Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.
Mit. O peace, you breake the Scene.

Enter Sogliardo, with Carlo Buffone.

SCENA SEC.

Mac. Soft, who be theſe?
I'le lay me downe a while till they be paſt.

GREX.

Cor. Signior, note this gallant I praie you.
Mit. What is hee?
Cor. A tame Rooke, youle take him preſently: Liſt.
Sog. Nay looke you *Carlo*: this is my Humour now; I haue lande and money, my friendes left mee well, and I will be a gentleman whatſoeuer it coſt me.

...ion gentleman-like resolution.

Sog. Tut, and I take an humor of a thing once, I am like your taylors needle, I go through: but, for my name Signior, howe thinke you? will it not serue for a gentlemans name, when the Signior is put to it? Ha?

Car. Let me heare: how is't?

Sog. *Signior Insulso Sogliardo*: me thinkes it sounds well.

Car. O excellent: tut and all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a gentleman: I know many *Sogliardoes* gentlemen.

Sog. Why and for my wealth I might be a Iustice of peace.

Car. I, and a Constable for your wit.

Sog. All this is my Lordship you see here, and those farmes you came by.

Car. Good steps to gentility too, mary: but *Sogliardo*, if you affect to be a gentleman indeed, you must obserue all the rare qualities, humors, and complements of a gentleman.

Sog. I know it Signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too good to learne, Ile assure you.

Car. Inough sir: Ile make admirable vse i'the proiection of my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here. Ile bethinke mee for you sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you and pray you, and thanke you and thinke on you.

GREX.

Cord. Is not this purely good?

Mac. Sbloud, why should such a prick-eard Hind as this Bee rich? Ha? a foole? such a transparent gull That may bee seene through? wherefore should he haue land, Houses, and Lordships? O, I could eat my entrailes, And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First (to be an accomplisht gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the time) you must giue ore housekeeping in the countrey, and liue altogether in the cittie amongst gallants; where, at your first apparance, twere good you turnde foure or fiue hundred acres of your best lande into two or three trunkes of apparell; you may doe it without going to a Coniurer: and be

ſure you mixe your ſelfe ſtill, with ſuch as [illegible] of the faſhion, and are leaſt popular; ſtudie their cariage and behauior in all: learne to play at *Primero* and Paſſage, and (euer when you looſe) ha'two or three peculiar othes to ſweare by, that no man elſe ſweres: but aboue all; proteſt in your plaie, and affirme, *Vpon your credite; As you are a gentleman* (at euerie caſt:) you may do it with a ſafe conſcience, I warrant you.

Sog. O admirable rare! hee cannot chuſe but bee a Gentleman, that ha's theſe excellent giftes; more, more, I beſeech you.

Car. You muſt endeuour to feede cleanly at your Ordinarie, ſit melancholy, and picke your teeth when you cannot ſpeake; and when you come to Playes, bee Humorous, looke with a good ſtarch't face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your owne ieſts, or elſe as the Noblemen laugh; that's a ſpeciall grace you muſt obſerue.

Sog. I warrant you, ſir.

Car. I, and ſit o'the ſtage, and floult; prouided, you haue a good ſuit.

Sog. O Ile haue a ſuit onely for that ſir.

Car. You muſt talke much of your kindred and alies.

Sog. Lies! no Signior, I ſhall not neede to do ſo, Il haue kindred in the Cittie to talke of; I haue a neece is a Merchants wife; and a nephew, my brother *Sordidos* ſon of the Innes of Court.

Car. O but you muſt pretend alliance with Courtiers and great perſons: and euer when you are to Dine or Suppe in anie ſtrange preſence, hire a fellowe with a great chayne (though it bee copper it's no matter) to bring you Letters, feign'd from ſuch a Noble man, or ſuch a Knight, or ſuch a Ladie, To theyr worſhipfull, right rare, and Noble qualified friende or kinſman, *Signior Inſulſo Sogliardo*, giue your ſelfe ſtile enough. And there (while you intende circumſtances of newes, or enquirie of their health, or ſoe) one of your Familiars (whome you muſt carrie about you ſtill) breakes it vppe (as twere in a ieſt) and reades it publikely at the Table; at which, you muſt ſeeme to take as vnpardonable offence as if hee had torne your miſtreſſe colours, or breath'd vpon her picture; and pur-

[illegible] that not grace, as if you would enforce a challenge vpon it presently.

Sog. Stay, I doe not like that humor of challenge, it may be accepted: but I'le tell you what's my humor now: I will doe this, I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the Taylors to haue the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter as you talke of (broke open and all) shall bee left: O, the Taylor will presently giue out what I am vpon the reading of it: worth twenty of your Gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreame face of discontentment at your mans negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beate him too: I'le haue a man for the purpose.

Mac. You maie; you haue land and crownes: O partiall Fate!

Car. Masse well remembred, you must keepe your men gallant, at the first, fine pide Liueries laide with good gold lace, there's no lesse in it, they may rip't off and pawn it, when they lacke victuals.

Sog. Byr Lady that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

Car. Debt? why that's the more for your credit sir: it's an excellent pollicie to owe much in these daies, if you note it.

Sog. As how good Signior? I would faine be a Politician.

Car. O, looke where you are indebted any great summe, your creditor obserues you with no lesse regard, than if he were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to giue you the least cause of offence, least hee loose his money: I assure you (in these times) no man has his seruant more obsequious and pliant, than gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time) you pay but a moiety or a fourth part, it comes more acceptedly, than if you gaue 'hem a new yeares gift.

Sog. I perceiue you sir, I will take vp, and bring my selfe in credit sure.

Car. Marry this; alwaies beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poore needie Ludgathians: they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent trage-

dies they ſtirre, nor howe they play faſt and loſe
gentlemans fortunes to get their owne: marry, theſe rich fellowes (that ha'the world, or the better part of it, ſleeping in their countinghouſes) they are ten times more placable, they: either feare, hope, or modeſtie, reſtraines them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you ſhall not run a pennie more in arrerage for them, and you liſt your ſelfe.

Sog. No? how ſhould I keepe'nem then?

Carl. Keepe'hem? Sbloud let them keepe themſelues, they are no ſheepe, are they? VVhat? you ſhall come in houſes, where plate, apparrell, iewels, and diuerſe other pretty commodities lie negligently ſcattered, and I would ha'thoſe *Mercuries* follow me (I trow) ſhould remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not ſo good me thinkes.

Car. Why after you haue kept 'hem a fortnight or ſo, and ſhew'd 'hem ynough to the world, you may turne 'hem away, and keepe no more but a boy, it's ynough.

Sog. Nay my humor is not for boies, Ile keepe men, and I keepe any; and Ile giue coates, that's my humor: but I lacke a Culliſen.

Car. Why now you ride to the cittie, you may buy one, Ile bring you where you ſhall ha' your choiſe for money.

Sog. Can you ſir?

Car. O I: you ſhal haue one take meaſure of you, and make you a *Coat* of armes to fit you of what faſhion you will.

Sog. By word of mouth I thanke you Signior; Ile be once a little prodigal in a Humor in faith, and haue a moſt prodigious *Coat*.

Mac. Torment and death, breake head and braine at once
To be depriu'd of your fighting iſſue.
Who can endure to ſee blind Fortune dote thus?
To be enamour'd on this duſtie Turfe?
This clod? a hoorſen Puckfiſt? O God, God, God, God, &c.
I could runne wild with griefe now to behold
The rankneſſe of her bounties, that doth breed

...unnes; these Mushrompe Gentlemen,
That shoot vp in a night to place and worship.

Car. Let him alone, some stray, some stray.

Sog. Nay I will examine him before I go sure.

Car. The Lord of the soile ha's al wests and straies here? ha's he not?

Sog. Yes sir.

Car. Faith then I pitty the poore fellowe, hee's falne into a fooles hands.

Sog. Sirah, who gaue you commission to lie in my Lordship?

Mac. Your Lordship?

Sog. How? my Lordship? doe you know me sir?

Mac. I doe Know you sir.

Car. S'heart, he answeres him like an Eccho.

Sog. Why, who am I Sir?

Mac. One of those that fortune fauors.

Car. The *Periphrasis* of a foole; Ile obserue this better.

Sog. That fortune fauors? how meane you that friend?

Mac. I meane simply; That you are one that liues not by your wits.

Sog. By my wits? No sir, I scorne to liue by my wits, I; I haue better meanes I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to liue by my wits. Sbloud doest thou thinke I liue by my wits?

Mac. Me thinkes Iester, you should not relish this well.

Car. Ha? does he know me?

Mac. Though yours be the worst vse a man can put his wit too of thousandes, to prostitute it at euery Tauerne and Ordinarie; yet (me thinkes) you should haue turn'd your broad side at this, and haue beene ready with an Apologie, able to sinke this Hulke of Ignorance into the bottome, and depth of his Contempt.

Car. Sboud tis *Macilente*: Signior, you are wel encountred, how is't? O we must not regard what he saies man, a Trout, a shallow foole, he ha's no more braine than a Butterflie, a meere stust suit, he looks like a mustie bottle, newe wickerd, his head's the Corke, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd Signior.

Mac. You

Mac. You are? Gramercie good *Ianus.*

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I loue him the better for that.

Car. Gods pretious, come away man, what do you mean? and you knew him as I do, you'ld shun him, as you'ld do the plague?

Sog. Why sir?

Car. O, hee's a blacke fellow, take heed on him.

Sog. Is he a Scholler or a Soldior?

Car. Both, both; a leane Mungrell, hee lookes as if he were chap-falne with barking at other mens good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him, he carries Oyle and Fire in his pen, will scald where it drops, his Spirit's like Powder, quicke, violent: hee'le blow a man vp with a iest: I feare him worse than a rotten Wall do's the Cannon, shake an hower after at the report: away, come not neere him.

Sog. For Gods sake lets be gone, and he be a Scholler, you know I cannot abide him, I had as leeue see a Cocatrice, specially as Cocatrices go now.

Car. What, youle stay signior? this gentleman *Sogliardo* and I are to visit the knight *Puntaruolo*, and from thence to the Citie, we shall meete there.

Exeunt Car. and Sog.

Mac. I, when I cannot shun you, we will meet.
Tis strange: of all the creatures I haue seene,
I enuie not this *Buffon*, for indeed
Neither his fortunes nor his parts deserue it;
But I doe hate him as I hate the deuill,
Or that bras-visag'd monster *Barbarisme.*
O, tis an open-throated, blacke-mouth'd curre,
That bites at all, but eates on those that feed him,
A slaue, that to your face will (Serpent-like)
Creepe on the ground, as he would eat the dust;
And to your backe will turne the taile and sting:
More deadly than a Scorpion: stay, who's this?
Now for my soule, another minion
Of the old lady *Chaucer's*; Ile obserue him.

Enter

Enter Sordido with a Prognostication.

SCENA TER.

Sord. O rare, good, good, good, good, good, I thanke my Christ, I thanke my Christ for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion speake
Out of my diuination? O my sences,
Why loose you not your powers, and become
Dead, dull, and blunted with this Spectacle?
I know him, tis *Sordido*, the farmer,
A Boore, and brother to that Swine was here.

Sor. Excellent, excellent, excellent, as I would wish, as I would wish.

Mac. See how the strumpet *Fortune* tickles him,
And makes him swoune with laughter, O, O, O.

Sord. Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this yeare, Let me see, what harueſt shall we haue? Iune, Iuly?

Mac. What is't a Prognostication rap's him so?

Sord. The xx. xxi. xxii. daies, raine and wind, O good, good; the xxiii. and xxiiii. raine and some wind, good; the xxv. raine, good still; xxvi. xxvii. xxviii, wind and some raine; would it had been raine and some wind: well tis good (when it can bee no better) xxix. inclining to raine: inclining to raine? that's not so good now. xxx. and xxxi. wind and no raine: no raine? S'lid stay; this is worse and worse: what saies he of *S. Swithins*? turne backe, looke, *S. Swithins*: no raine?

Mac. O here's a pretious filthy damned rogue,
That fats himselfe with expectation
Of rotten weather, and vnseason'd showers;
And he is rich for it, an elder brother,
His barnes are full, his reekes, and mowes well trod,
His garners cracke with store. O, tis well; ha, ha, ha:
A plague consume thee and thy house.

Sord. O here, *S. Swithins*, the xv. day, variable weather, for the most part raine, good; for the most part raine: VVhy it should raine fortie daies after nowe, more or lesse, it was a rule held afore I was able to hold a plough, and yet here are two

daies,

daies, no rain; ha? it makes me muse: Weele see how the next month begins, if that be better. Auguſt: Auguſt, firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth daies, rainie, and bluſtering; this is well now: fift, ſixt, ſeuenth, eight, and ninth, raine, with ſome thunder; I marry, this is excellent; the other was falſe printed ſure: the tenth and eleuenth, great ſtore of raine; O good, good, good, good, good; the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, rain; good ſtill: fifteenth and ſixteenth, raine; good ſtill: ſeuenteenth and eighteenth, raine, good ſtill; nineteenth and twentieth, Good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill; one and twentieth, ſome raine; ſome raine? well, wee muſt be patient, and attend the heauens pleaſure, would it were more thought the one and twentith, two and twentith, three and twentith, great tempeſt of raine, thunder, and lightning.

O good againe, paſt expectation good.
I thanke my bleſſed angell; neuer, neuer,
Laid I penny better out than this,
To purchaſe this deare booke: not deare for price,
And yet of me as dearely priz'd as life,
Since in it is contain'd the very life,
Bloud, ſtrength, and ſinewes of my happineſſe:
Bleſt be the houre wherein I bought this booke,
His ſtudies happie that compos'd the booke,
And the man fortunate that ſold the booke:
Sleepe with this charme, and be as true to me
As I am ioy'd and confident in thee.

Enter a Hind to Sordido with a paper.

Mac. Ha, ha, ha? I not this good? Is't not pleaſing this? ha, ha?
Is't poſſible that ſuch a ſpacious villaine (Gods ha?
Should liue and not be plagu'd? or lies he hid
Within the wrinckled boſome of the world,
Where heauen cannot ſee him? Sblood (me thinkes)
'Tis rare and admirable, that he ſhould breath and walke,
Feed with diſgeſtion, ſleepe, enioy his health,
And (like a boiſt'rous Whale ſwallowing the poore)
Still ſwimme in wealth and pleaſure: is't not ſtrange?
Vnleſſe his houſe and skin were thunder-proofe,

I wonder at it. Me thinks now, the Hectticke,
Gout, Leprosie, or some such loath'd disease
Might light vpon him; or that fire (from heauen)
Might fall vpon his barnes; or mice and rats
Eat vp his graine; or else that it might rot
Within the hoarie Reekes, e're as it stands:
Me thinkes this might be well; and after all
The deuill might come and fetch him: I, tis true,
Meane time he surfeits, prosperitie,
And thou (in enuie of him) gnaw'st thy selfe,
Peace foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
„ *Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit.* *Exit.*

Sord. Who brought this same sirha?

Hmd. Marry sir one of the Iustices men, hee saies tis a precept, and all their hands be at it.

Sord. I, and the prints of them sticke in my flesh
Deeper than i'their letters: They haue sent me
Pils wrapt in paper here, that should I take 'hem,
Would poison all the sweetnesse of my Booke,
And turne my Honey into Hemlocke iuice:
But I am wiser than to serue their precepts,
Or follow their prescriptions: Here's a deuise,
To charge me bring my Graine into the markets:
I, much, when I haue neither Barne nor Garner,
Nor Earth to hide it in; Ile bring it: but till then,
Each corne I send shall be as big as Paules.
O, but (say some) the poore are like to starue.
Why let hem starue, what's that to me? are Bees
Bound to keepe life in Drones and idle Moaths? no:
Why such are these (that rearme themselues the poore,
Only because they would be pitied)
But are indeed a sort of lazie Beggers,
Licentious Rogues and sturdie Vagabonds,
Bred (by the sloth of a fat plenteous yeare)
Like snakes in heat of summer out of dung,
And this is all that these cheape times are good for:
Where as a holesome and penurious Death

Purges the ſoile of ſuch vile excrements,
And kils the Vipers vp.
Hind. O but maiſter,
Take heed they heare you not.
Sord. Why ſo?
Hind. They will exclaime againſt you.
Sord. I, their exclaimes
Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a Mountaine;
Poore wormes, they hiſſe at me, whilſt I at home
Can be contented to applaud my ſelfe,
To ſit and clap my hands, and laugh and leape,
Knocking my head againſt my roofe, with ioy
To ſee how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.
Sirah, go, hie you home, and bid your fellowes
Get all their flailes readie againe I come.
Hind. I will ſir. *Exit Hind.*
Cord. Ile inſtantly ſet all my hinds to thraſhing
Of a whole Reeke of corne, which I will hide
Vnder the ground; and with the ſtraw thereof
Ile ſtuffe the outſides of my other Mowes:
That done, Ile haue them emptie all my Garners,
And i'the friendly Earth bury my ſtore,
That when the Searchers come they may ſuppoſe
All's ſpent, and that my fortunes were belied.
And to lend more opinion to my want,
And ſtop that many-mouthed vulgar Dog,
(Which elſe would ſtill be baying at my dore)
Each market day, I will be ſeene to buy
Part of the pureſt Wheat, as for my houſhold:
Where when it comes, it ſhall encreaſe my heapes,
Twill yeeld me treble gaine at this deare time,
Promiſd in this deare Booke: I haue caſt all,
Till then I will not ſell an eare, Ile hang firſt.
O I ſhall make my prizes as I liſt,
My houſe and I can feed on Peas and Barley,
What though a world of wretches ſterue the while?
He that will thriue, muſt thinke no courſes vile, *Exit.*

GREX.

Cord. Now signior, how approue you this? haue the Humorists expreſt themſelues truly or no?

Mit. Yes (if it be wel proſecuted) tis hitherto happy ynough: but me thinks *Macilente* went hence too ſoone, he might haue been made to ſtay and ſpeake ſomwhat in reproofe of *Sordido's* wretchednesſe, now at the laſt.

Cor. O no, that had bin extreamly improper, beſides he had cõtinued the *Scene* too lõg with him as twas, being in no more actiõ.

Mit. You may enforce the length as a neceſſary reaſon; but for propriety the *Scene* wold very wel haue born it, in my iudgment.

Cor. O worſt of both: why you miſtake his humor vtterly thẽ.

Mit. How? do I miſtake it? is't not Envie?

Cord. Yes, but you muſt vnderſtand Signior, hee enuies him not as he is a villaine, a wolfe i' the commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true condition of enny, is *Dolor alienæ felicitatis*, to haue our eies continually fixt vpon another mans proſperity, that is his chiefe happineſſe, and to grieue at that. Whereas if we make his monſtrous and abhord actions, our obiect, the griefe (we take then) comes neerer the nature of Hate than Enuie, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and lothing in our ſelues.

Mit. So you'le infer it had beene Hate, not Enuie in him, to reprehend the humor of *Sordido*?

Cord. Right, for what a man truely enuies in another, he could alwaies loue, and cheriſh in himſelfe; but no man truely reprehends in another what he loues in himſelfe, therefore reprehenſion is out of his Hate. And this diſtinction hath hee himſelfe made in a ſpeech there (if you marke it) where he ſaies, *I enuie not this Buffon, but I hate him.*

Mit. Stay ſir: *I enuie not this Buffon, but I hate him*: why might he not as well haue hated *Sordido* as him?

Cord. No ſir, there was ſubiect for his enuie in *Sordido*; his wealth: So was there not in the other, hee ſtood poſſeſt of no one eminent gift, but a moſt odious and fiend-like diſpoſition, that would turne Charity it ſelfe into Hate, much more Enuie for the preſent.

Enter Carlo Buffone, Sogliardo, Faſtidius Briske, Cinedo.

Actvs Secvndvs, Scena Prima.

Mit. You haue ſatiſfied me ſir, O here comes the *Foole* and the *Ieſter* againe me thinkes.

Cord. 'Twere pitty they ſhould be parted ſir.

Mit. What bright-ſhining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?

Cord. No ſir, this is one Monſieur *Faſtidius Briske*, otherwiſe cal'd the freſh Frenchefied courtier.

Mit. A humoriſt too?

Cord. As humorous as quickeſiluer, doe but obſerue him, the Scene is the countrey ſtill, remember.

Faſt. Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, & giue vs word.

Cine. I will ſir. *Exit.*

Faſt. How lik'ſt thou my boy, *Carlo*?

Car. O wel, wel he looks like the colonel of a Pigmies horſe, or one of theſe motions in a great antique clocke: hee would ſhewe well vpon a Habberdaſhers ſtall, at a corner ſhop rarely.

Faſt. S'heart, what a damn'd wittie rogue's this? how hee confounds with his *ſimile's*?

Car. Better with *ſimile's* than ſmiles: and whither were you riding now Signior?

Faſt. Who I? what a ſilly ieſt's that? whither ſhould I ride but to the Court?

Car. O pardon me ſir, twenty places more: your hot-houſe, or your------

Faſt. By the vertue of my ſoule this knight dwels in *Elizium* here.

Carl. Hee's gone now, I thought he would flie out preſently. Theſe be our nimble-ſprighted *Catſo's* that ha'their euaſions at pleaſure, wil run ouer a bog like your wild Iriſh; no ſooner ſtarted, but they'le leape from one thing to another like a ſquirrell, heigh; Daunce, and doe trickes i'their diſcourſe, from Fire to Water, from Water to Ayre, from Ayre to Earth, as if their tongues did but eu'n licke the foure Elements ouer, and awaie.

Fast. Sirah *Carlo*, thou neuer saw'st my grey Hobbie yet, didst thou?

Carl. No ha' you such a one?

Fast. The best in Europe (my good villaine) thou'lt say, when thou seest him.

Car. But when shall I see him?

Fast. There was a Noble man i'the Court offered mee 100 pound for him by this light: a fine little fierie slaue, he runnes like a (O) excellent, excellent, with the very sound of the spurre.

Carl. How? the sound of the spurre?

Fast. O, it's your only humor now extant sir: a good gingle, a good gingle.

Carl. Sbloud you shall see him turne morrisdancer, he ha's got him bels, a good sute, and a Hobby-horse.

Sog. Signior, now you talke of a Hobby-horse, I know where one is, will not be giuen for a brace of angels.

Fast. How is that Sir?

Sog. Mary sir I am telling this gentleman of a Hobby-horse, it was my fathers indeed, and (though I say it

Car. That should not say it) on, on.

Sog. He did daunce in it with as good humour and as good gard as any man of his degree whatsoeuer, beeing no Gentleman: I haue daunc't in it my selfe too.

Car. Not since the Humour of gentilitie was vpon you? did you?

Sog. Yes once; marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might doe in a Humor.

Car. O very good.

GREX.

Mit. Why this sellowes discourse were nothing but for the word Humor.

Cord. O beare with him, and he should lacke matter and words too, 'twere pittifull.

Sog. Nay looke you Sir, there's ne're a Gentleman i'the countrey has the like humors for the Hobby-horse as I haue? I haue the Methode for the threeding of the needle, the ----

Carl. How the Methode,

Sog. I, the Leigeritie, for that, and the wigh-hie, and the daggers in the Nose, and the traueis of the Egge from finger to finger, all the Humors incident to the qualitie. The horse hangs at home in my parlor, Ile keepe it for a monument, as long as I liue sure.

Carl. Do so; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent Trophee to hang ouer your Tombe.

Sog. Masse, and Ile haue a Tombe (nowe I thinke on't) 'tis but so much charges.

Carl. Best builde it in your life time then, your Heyres maie hap to forget it else.

Sog. Nay I meane so, Ile not trust to them.

Carl. Noe, for heires and executors are growne damnablie careleslie, speciallie since the ghostes of Testators left walking: how like you him Signior?

Fast. 'Fore heauens his humor arrides me exceedinglie.

Car. Arrides you?

Fast. I, pleases me (a pox on't) I am so haunted at the Court & at my lodging with your refin'd choise spirites, that it makes me cleane of another Garbe, another straine, I know not how; I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, tis agaynst my *Genius*.

Sog. Signior *Carla*.

GREX.

Cord. This is right to that of *Horace*, *Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt*: so this gallant labouring to auoid Popularity, fals into a habit of Affectation tenne thousand times more hatefull than the former.

Car. Who he? a gull? a foole? no salt in him i'the earth man: hee lookes like a fresh Salmon kept in a tubbe; hee'le bee spent shortlie, his braine's lighter than his feather alreadie, and his tongue more subiect to lie, than that's to wag: he sleepes with a muske cat euery night, and walkes all day hang'd in Poman-der chaines for pennance: hee ha's his skinne tan'd in ciuet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetnesse of his youth lasting in the sence of his sweet Ladie, A good empty Puffe, hee loues you well Signior.

Sog. There-

Sog. There ſhall be no loue loſt Sir, I'le aſſure you.

Faſt. Nay *Carl*, I am not happie i' thy loue I ſee, pr'y thee ſuffer mee to enioie thy companie a little (ſweete miſchiefe) by this ayre, I ſhall enuie this Gentlemans place in thy affections, if you be thus priuate I faith: how now? is the Knight arriu'd?

Enter Cinedo.

Cine. No Sir, but tis geſt he will arriue preſently, by his fore-runners.

Faſt. His hounds! by *Minerua* an excellent Figure; a good boy.

Carl. You ſhould giue him a French crowne for it: the boie would find two better Figures i' that, and a good Figure of your bounty beſide.

Faſt. Tut the boy wantes no crownes.

Carl. No crowne: ſpeake i' the ſingular number, and wee'le beleeue you.

Faſt. Nay, thou art ſo capriciouſlie conceyted nowe: Sirra (*Dãnation*) I haue heard this Knight *Puntarnolo*, reported to be a gentleman of exceeding good humour: thou know'ſt him; pr'y thee, how is his diſpoſition? I ne're was ſo fauour'de of my ſtarres as to ſee him yet. Boy, do you looke to the Hobbie?

Cin. I Sir, the groome has ſet him vp.

Faſt. Tis well: I ridde out of my waie of intent to viſit him, and take knowledge of his: Nay good *Wickedneſſe*, his humour, his humour.

Carl. Why he loues Dogges, and Haukes, and his wife well: he has a good riding face, and hee can ſit a great Horſe; hee will taint a ſtaffe well at tilt: when hee is mounted, hee lookes like the ſigne of the *George*, that's all I knowe; ſaue that in ſteede of a Dragon he will brandiſh againſt a tree, and breake his ſword as confidentlie vppon the knottie barke, as the other did vppon the skales of the beaſt.

Faſt. O, but this is nothing to that is deliuered of him; they ſaie he has dialogues, and diſcourſes betweene his Horſe, himſelfe, and his Dogge; and that hee will court his owne Ladie, as ſhe were a ſtranger neuer encounter'd before,

Car. I, that hee will, and make freſh loue to her euerie mor-

ning:

ning: this gentleman has been a Spectator of it. *Signior Iusulso.*

Sog. I am resolute to keepe a Page: say you sir?

Carl. You haue seene *Signior Puntaruolo* accost his Lady?

Sog. O, I Sir.

Fast. And how is the maner of it pr'y thee good Signior?

Sog. Faith sir in very good sort; hee has his humours for it sir: as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting, or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting Gentlewoman, shee lookes out; and then hee speakes, and then shee speakes: very pretty I faith gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, Signior?

Sog. O, yes sir: first, the gentlewoman she lookes out at the window.

Carl. After the trumpet has summon'd a parle? not before?

Sog. No sir, not before: and then saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Carl. What saies he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Fast. Nay speake, speake.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha, saies he: God saue you, ha, ha, &c.

Carl. Was this the ridiculous motiue to all this passion?

Sog. Nay that, that comes after is: ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car Doubtlesse hee apprehends more than hee vtters, this fellow: or else.

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting: stand by, close vnder this Tarras, & you shal see it done better than I can shew it.

A crie of hounds within.

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarse poize the obseruation else.

Sog. Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O withdraw, withdrawe, it cannot bee but a most pleasing obiect.

Enter Puntaruolo, a Huntsman with a Graihound.

Pun. Forrester, giue wind to thy Horne. Inough; by this the sound hath toucht the eares of the enclosed: Depart, leaue the Dogge, and take with thee what thou hast deseru'd; the Horne, and thanks.

Carl. I mary, there's some taste in this.

Fast. Is't not good?

Sog. Ah peace, now aboue, now aboue.

The waiting gentlewoman appeares at the window.

Punt. Stay: mine eye hath (on the instant) through the bountie of the windowe, receiu'd the formie of a Nymph. I will step forward three paces: of the which, I will barely retire one; and (after some little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace salute her: 1, 2, and 3. Sweet Lady, God saue you.

Gent. No forsooth: I am but the waiting Gentlewoman.

Carl. He knew that before.

Punt. Pardon me: *Humanum est errare.*

Carl. He learn'd that of a Puritane.

Punt. To the perfection of Complement (which is the dyall of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are requir'd these three Proiects: the *Gnomon*, the *Puntilio's*, and the *Superficies*: the *Superficies*, is that we call *Place*; the *Puntilio's*, *Circumstance*; and the *Gnomon*, *Ceremonie*: in either of which, for a stranger to erre, 'tis easie and facile; and such am I.

Carl. True, not knowing her *Horizon*, he must needes erre: which I feare, he knowes too well.

Punt. What call you the Lord of the Castle? sweet face.

Gent. The Lord of the Castle is a knight sir; Signior *Puntarnolo.*

Punt. Puntarnolo? O:

Car. Now must he ruminate.

Fast. Does the wench know him all this while then?

Carl. O, doe you know me man? why therein lies the sirrup of the iest; it's a Proiect, a designment of his owne, a thing studied, and rehearst as ordinarily at his comming from hawking, or hunting, as a Iigge after a Play.

Sog. I, e'en like your Iigge sir.

Punt. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice; what yeares is the Knight, faire Damsell?

Gent. Faith much about your yeares sir.

Punt. What complexion, or what stature beares he?

Gent. Of your stature, and very neere vpon your complexion.

Punt. Mine is Melancholly:

Carl. So

Carl. So is the dogs, iuſt.

Punt. And doth argue conſtancie, chiefly in loue. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

Gent. O the moſt courteous Knight vpon Gods earth ſir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin betweene your browes ſir.

Punt. Is he bountifull?

Carl. Sbloud, hee takes an Inuentorie of his owne good partes.

Gent. Bountifull? I ſir I would you ſhould know it; the poore are ſeru'd at his gate early and late ſir.

Punt. Is he learned?

Gent. O, I ſir, he can ſpeake the French and Italian.

Punt. Then he is trauail'd?

Gent. I forſooth, he hath been beyond-ſea once or twiſe.

Carl. As far as Paris, to fetch ouer a faſhion and come backe againe.

Punt. Is he religious?

Gent. Religious? I know not what you call religious, but he goes to Church I am ſure.

Faſt. S'lid me thinkes theſe anſweres ſhould offend him.

Carl. Tut no; he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacity that ſpeakes 'hem.

Punt. Would I might ſee his face.

Carl. She ſhould let downe a glaſſe from the window at that word, and requeſt him to looke in't.

Punt. Doubtleſſe, the gentleman is moſt exact, and abſolutely qualified? doth the Caſtle containe him?

Gent. No Sir, he is from home, but his Ladie is within.

Punt. His Lady? what is ſhe faire? ſplendidious? and amiable?

Gent. O Ieſu ſir!

Punt. Pr'y thee deare Nymph, intreat her beauties to ſhine on this ſide of the building.

Exit. Gent. from the window.

Carl. That he may erect a new dyall of complement, with his *Gnomons*, and his *Puntilio's*.

Fast. Nay, thou art such another *Cinique* nowe, a man had need walke vprightly before thee.

Carl. Heart, can any man walke more vpright than hee does? Looke, looke; as if hee went in a frame, or had a sute of wanescot on: and the dogge watching him least hee should leape out on't.

Fast. O villaine!

Car. Well, and e'er I meete him in the cittie, Ile ha' him ioynted, Ile pawne him in East-cheape among butchers else.

Fast. Peace, who be these, *Carlo*?

Enter Sordido, with his sonne Fungoso.

Sord. Yonders your godfather; doe your dutie to him sonne.

Sog. This sir? a poore elder brother of mine sir, a yeoman, may dispend some seuen or eight hundred a yeare: that's his son, my nephew there.

Punt. You are not il-come neighbour *Sordido*, though I haue not yet said welcome: what, my god-sonne is growne a great *Proficient* by this?

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. I sir, hee is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

Car. What call you your nephew, Signior?

Sog. Mary his name is *Fungoso*.

Car. Fungoso? O, hee lookt somewhat like a spunge in that pinckt doublet me thought: well, make much of him; I see he was neuer borne to ride vpon a moile.

Gen. My Lady will come presently sir. *Enter Gent. aboue.*

Sog. O now, now.

Punt. Stand by, retire your selues a space: nay, pray you, forget not the vse of your hat; the aire is piercing.

Sordido and Fungoso withdraw at the other part of the stage, meane time the Ladie is come to the window.

Fast. What? will not their presence preuaile against the current of his humor?

Carl. O no: it's a meere floud, a Torrent, carries all afore it.

Punt. What more than heauenly pulchritude is this?

What Magazine, or treasurie of blisse?
Dazle, you organs to my optique sence,
To view a creature of such eminence:
O, I am planet-strooke, and in yond Sphere,
A brighter starre than Venus doth appeare.

Fast. How? in verse?

Carl. An Extasie, an Extasie, man.

Lady Is your desire to speake with me, sir Knight?

Carl. He will tell you that anon; neither his Braine, nor his Bodie, are yet moulded for an answere.

Punt. Most debonaire, and Luculent Ladie, I decline me as low as the *Basis* of your Altitude.

GREX.

Cord. Hee makes congies to his wife in Geometricall proportions.

Mit. Is't possible there should be any such Humorist?

Cor. Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is.

Punt. I haue scarse collected my spirites, but lately scatter'd in the admiration of your Forme; to which (if the bounties of your mind be any way responsible) I doubt not but my desires shall find a smooth and secure passage. I am a poore Knight-errant (Ladie) that hunting in the adiacent Forrest, was by aduenture in the pursuit of a Hart, brought to this place; which Hart (deare Madame) escaped by enchantment: the euening approching (my selfe and seruant wearied) my suit is, to enter your faire Castle, and refresh me.

Lady Sir Knight, albeit it be not vsuall with me (chiefely in the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard of those innated vertues, and faire partes which so striue to expresse themselues in you; I am resolu'd to entertaine you to the best of my vnworthy power; which I acknowledge to be nothing, valew'd with what so worthy a person may deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

She departs: and Puntarnolo falls in with Sordido, and his sonne.

Punt. Most admir'd Lady, you astonish me.

Car. What? with speaking a speech of your owne penning?

 Fast. Nay

Fast. Nay looke; pr'y thee peace.

Carl. Pox on't: I am impatient of such fopperie.

Fast. O lets heare the rest.

Carl. What? a tedious Chapter of Courtship, after sir *Lancelot*, and Queene *Gueuener*? awaie: I mar'le in what dull cold nooke hee found this Ladie out? that (being a woman) shee was blest with no more copie of wit, but to serue his Humour thus. Sblood, I thinke he feeds her with Porridge, I: shee could ne're haue such a thicke braine else.

Sog. Why is Porridge so hurtfull, Signior?

Carl. O, nothing vnder Heauen more preiudiciall to those ascending subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which wee cal, *Acumen Ingenij*, than your grosse fare: why Ile make you an Instance: your Cittie wiues, but obserue 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fooles i'the worlde bred than they are generally; and yet you see (by the finenes and delicacie of their Diet, diuing into the fatte Capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on Larkes, Sparrowes, Potato pyes, and such good vnctuous meats) how their wits are refin'd and rarefi'd: and sometimes a very *Quintessence* of conceit flows from 'hem, able to drown a weake Apprehension,

Fast. Peace, here comes the Ladie.

Enter Lady with her Gent. and seeing them, turns in againe.

Lady. Gods me, here's company: turne in againe.

Fast. S'light, our presence has cut off the conuoy of the iest.

Car. All the better; I am glad on't: for the issue was verie perspicuous. Come, let's discouer, and salute the Knight.

Carlo and the other two, step forth to Punt.

Punt. Stay: who be these that addresse themselues towardes vs? what *Carlo?* now by the sinceritie of my soule, welcome; welcome gentlemen: and how dost thou, thou *Grand Scourge*, or *Second Vntrusse of the time?*

Carl. Faith spending my mettall in this Reeling world (here and there) as the swaie of my Affection carries mee, and perhaps stumble vpon a yeoman Pheuterer, as I doe now; or one of Fortunes Moyles laden with treasure, and an empty Cloke-

bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

Punt. Peace you bandogge peace: what briske *Nimfadora* is that in the white virgin boot there?

Carl. Mary sir, one, that I must entreat you take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinary respect: Monsieur *Fastidius.*

Punt. Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsaft abiding here, and more Reall entertainement, this my house stood on the Muses hill; and these my Orchards were those of the *Hesperide's.*

Fast. I possesse as much in your wish sir, as if I were made Lord of the Indies; and I pray you beleeue it.

Carl. I haue a better opinion of his Faith, than to thinke it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come brother, I'le bring you acquainted with Gentlemen, & good fellows, such as shall do you more grace, than----

Sord. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance: Do you take heed, leastt---- *Carlo is comming towards them.*

Sog. Husht: my Brother sir, for want of education sir, somewhat nodding to the Boore, the Clowne; but I request you in priuat sir.

Fung. By Iesu, it's a very fine sute of cloathes.

GREX.

Cor. Doe you obserue that, Signior? there's another humor has new crackt the shell.

Mit. What? he is enamour'd of the Fashion, is he?

Cor. O you forestall the iest.

Fun. I mar'le what it might stand him in?

Sog. Nephew?

Fun. 'Fore God it's an excellent sute, and as neatly becomes him. What said you Vncle?

Sog. When saw you my Neece?

Fun. Mary yesternight I supt there. That kind of Boot does very rare too.

Sog. And what newes heare you?

Fun. The guilt Spurre and all: would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding

exceeding good. Say you?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with somewhat else: I aske what newes you heare?

Fung. Troth wee heare none: in good faith I was neuer so pleas'd with a fashion daies of my life; O (and I might haue but my wish) I'ld aske no more of God nowe, but such a Suit, such a Hat, such a Band, such a Doublet, such a Hose, such a Boot, and such a----

Sog. They say there's a new Motion of the cittie of Nineueh, with *Ionas* and the Whale, to be seene at Fleet-bridge? you can tell Cosin?

Fung. Here's such a world of question with him now: Yes, I thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture: would he would once be satisfi'd. Let me see, the Doublet, say fifty shillings the Doublet, & betweene three or foure pound the Hose; then Boots, the Hat, and Band: some ten or eleuen pound would doe it all, and suit me for the *heauens.*

Sog. I'le see all those deuises, and I come to London once.

Fung. God S'lid, and I could compasse it, 'twere rare: harke you Vncle.

Sog. What saies my Nephew?

Fung. Faith Vncle, I'ld ha' desir'd you to haue made a motion for me to my father in a thing, that; walke aside and I'le tell you sir, no more but this: there's a parcell of Law books (some twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more than halfe the money they cost; and I thinke for some twelue pound or twenty marke, I could go neere to redeeme 'hem: there's *Plowden, Diar, Brooke*, and *Fitz. herbert*; diuers such as I must haue ere long: and you know I were as good saue fiue or six pound as not, Vncle: I pray you moue it for me.

Sog. That I wil: when would you haue me do it? presently?

Fung. O I, I pray you good Vncle: God send me good lucke; Lord (and't be thy will) prosper it: O Iesu; now, now, if it take (O Christ) I am made for euer.

Fast. Shall I tell you sir: by this aire I am the most beholding to that Lord, of any Gentleman liuing; hee does vse mee the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more in-

deed,

deed, than can be vtter'd with any opinion of truth.

Punt. Then haue you, the Count *Gratiato?*

Fast. As true noble a gentleman too as any breathes; I am exceedinglie endear'd to his loue: by Iesu, (I protest to you Signior, I speake it not gloriouslie, nor out of affectation, but) there's he, and the Count *Frugale*, Signior *Illustre*, Signior *Luculento*, and a sort of 'hem; that (when I am at the Court) they doe share me amongst 'hem. Happy is he can enioy me most priuat; I doe wish my selfe sometime an Vbiquitarie for theyr loue, in good faith.

Carl. There's ne're a one of these but might lie a weeke on the racke, ere they coulde bring foorth his name; and yet hee poures them out as familiarlie as if hee had seene 'hem stande by the fire i'the presence, or ta'ne Tabacco with them ouer the stage i'the Lords roome.

Punt. Then you must of necessitie knowe our Court-starre there? that planet of wit, *Maddona Sauiolina?*

Fast. O Lord sir! my mistresse.

Punt. Is she your mistresse?

Fast. Faith, here be some slight fauours of hers sir, that doe speake it, *Shee is*; as this Scarfe sir, or this Ribband in mine eare, or so; this Feather grew in her sweete Fanne sometimes, though nowe it bee my poore fortune to weare it as you see sir; slight, slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, shee is the Ladie of a most exalted, and ingenous spirit.

Fast. Did you euer heare anie woman speake like her? or enricht with a more plentifull discourse?

Carl. O villanous! nothing but sound, sound, a meere *Eccho*, shee speakes as she goes tir'd, in Cobweb lawne, light, thinne: good enough to catch flies withall.

Punt. O, manage your affections.

Fast. Well, if thou beest not plagu'd for this blasphemie one daie:——

Punt. Come, regarde not a iester; it is in the power of my purse to make him speake well or ill of mee.

Fast. Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my Credit and Iudgement) she has the most Harmonious and Musicall straine of Wit, that euer tempted a true eare; and yet to see, a rude tongue will profane Heauen.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it sir.

Fast. Oh, it flowes from her like *Nectar*, and she doth giue it, that sweete, quicke grace, and exornation in the composure, that (*By this good Heauen*) shee does obserue as pure a Phrase, and vse as choise Figures in her ordinarie conferences, as any be i'the *Arcadia*.

Car. Or rather in *Greenes* works, whence she may steale with more security.

Sord. Well, if tenne pound will fetch 'hem, you shall haue it, but I'le part with no more.

Fun. I'le trie what that will doe, if you please.

Sord. Doe so: and when you haue 'hem, studie hard.

Fun. Yes sir: and I could studie to get fortie shillings more now: well, I will put my selfe into the Fashion, as farre as this will go presently.

Sord. I wonder it raines not! the Almanacke saies we should haue store of raine to daie.

Punt. Why sir, to morrow I will associate you to the Court my selfe; and from thence to the Cittie, about a Businesse, a Proie & I haue: I will expose it to you Sir: *Carlo* I am sure has heard of it.

Car. What's that sir?

Punt. I doe entend this yeare of *Iubile* to trauaile: and (because I will not altogither goe vppon expence) I am determined to put forth some fiue thousand pound, to be paid me fiue for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Wife, and my Dogge, from the Turkes Court in *Constantinople*. If all, or either of vs miscarry in the iourney, 'tis gone: if wee be successefull, why, there will bee xxv. thousand pound to entertaine time withall. Nay go not neighbour *Sordido*; stay to night, and helpe to make our society the fuller. Gentlemen, frolicke: *Carlo*? what? dull now?

Carl. I was thinking on your Proiect sir, and you call it so: is this the Dog goes with you?

Punt. This is the Dogge sir.

Carl. He do'not go bare-foot, does he?

Punt. Away you traytor, away.

Carl. Nay afore God, I speak simply; he may prick his foot with a thorne, and bee as much as the whole venter is woorth. Besides, for a Dog that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge iourney to *Constantinople*: Ile tell you nowe (and hee were mine) I'ld haue some present conference with a Physician, what Antidotes were good to giue him, and Preseruatiues against poyson: for (assure you) if once your money bee out, there'll bee diuers attempts made against the life of the poore *Animal*.

Punt. Thou art still dangerous.

Fast. Is Signior *Deliros* wife your kinswoman?

Sog. I sir, she is my Neece, my brothers daughter here, and my Nephewes sister.

Sord. Do you know her sir?

Fast. O God sir, Signior *Diliro* her husband is my Merchant.

Fung. I, I haue seene this Gentleman there, often.

Fast. I crie you mercie sir: let me craue your name, pray you.

Fun. Fungoso sir.

Fast. Good Signior *Fungoso*, I shal request to know you better sir.

Fun. I am her brother sir.

Fast. In faire time sir.

Pun. Come Gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

Fast. Nay pray you sir; we shal meet at Signior *Deliro's* ofte.

Sog. You shall ha'me at the Heralds office sir, for some week or so, at my first comming vp. Come *Carlo*. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Mit. Me thinks *Cordatus*, he dwelt somwhat too long on this *Scene*; it hun'g i'the hand.

Cord. I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and t'haue made the Humors perspicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his Subiect lies: but he might haue altered the shape of Argument, and explicated'hem better in single *Scenes*.

Cord. That had beene Single indeed: why? be they not the same persons in this, as they would haue beene in those? and is it not an obiect of more State, to behold the *Scene* full, and relieu'd with variety of Speakers to the ende, than to see a vast emptie stage, and the Actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt down with a feather into the eie of the Audience?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and therefore I'le subscribe to your iudgment; mary you shal giue me leaue to make obiections.

Cord. O what else? it's the speciall intent of the Author you should do so: for thereby others (that are present) may as well be satisfied, who happily would obiect the same you doe.

Mit. So sir, but when appeares *Macilente* againe?

Enter Macilente, Deliro, Fido, with hearbs and perfumes.

Cord. Mary he staies but till our silence giue him leaue: here he comes, and with him Signior *Deliro* a Merchant, at whose house hee is come to soiourne: Make your owne obseruation now; only transferre your thoughts to the Cittie with the *Scene*; where, suppose they speake.

Scena Tertia.

Deliro. I'le tell you by and by sir.
Welcome (good *Macilente*) to my house,
To soiourne euen for euer; if my best
Incates, and euery sort of good intreaty
May moue you stay with me.

Deliro turnes to his boy, and fals a strowing of flowers.

Mac. I thanke you sir:
And yet the muffled Fates (had it pleas'd them)
Might haue suppli'd me from their owne full store
Without this word (*I thanke you*) to a foole.
I see no reason why that Dog (call'd *Chaunce*)
Should fawne vpon this fellow more than me:
I am a man, and I haue Limmes, Flesh, Bloud,
Bones, Sinewes, and a Soule as well as he:

My parts are euery way as good as his,
If I ſaid better? why I did not lie,
Nath'leſſe his wealth (but nodding on my wants)
Muſt make me bow, and crie: *I thanke you Sir.*
Deli. Diſpatch, take heed your miſtreſſe ſee you not.
Fido. I warrant you ſir. *Exit Fido.*
Deli. Nay gentle friend be merry, raiſe your lookes
Out of your boſome, I proteſt (by heauen)
You are the man moſt welcome in the world.
Mac. I thanke you Sir, I know my *cue* I thinke.
Enter Fido with two Cenſors.
Fido. Where will you haue 'hem burne Sir?
Deli. Here good *Fido*:
What? ſhe did not ſee thee?
Fido. No Sir.
Deli. That's well:
Strew, ſtrew, good *Fido*, the freſheſt flowers, ſo.
Mac. What meanes this Signior *Deliro*?
Deli. Caſt in more Frankincence, yet more, well ſaid.
O *Macilente*, I haue ſuch a wife,
So paſſing faire, ſo paſſing faire vnkind,
And of ſuch worth and right to be vnkind,
(Since no man can be worthy of her kindneſſe.)
Mac. What can there not?
Deli. No, that is ſure as death,
No man aliue: I doe not ſay *is not*,
But cannot poſſibly be worth her kindneſſe.
Nay that is certaine, let me doe her Right:
How ſaid I? doe her Right? as though I could,
As though this dull groſſe tongue of mine could vtter
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite Rights
That ſit (as high as I can looke) within her.
Mac. This is ſuch dotage as was neuer heard.
Deli. Well, this muſt needs be granted.
Mac. Granted quoth you?
Deli. Nay *Macilente*; do not ſo diſcredit

The goodnes of your iudgement to denie it,
For I doe ſpeake the very leaſt of her.
And I would craue and beg no more of heauen
For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To vtter firſt in fit tearmes, what ſhe is,
And then the true ioies I conceaue in her.
Maci. Is't poſſible ſhe ſhould deſerue ſo wel
As you pretend?
Deli. I, and ſhe knowes ſo well
Her owne deſerts that (when I ſtriue t'enioy them)
She waies the things I doe, with what ſhe merits:
And (ſeeing my worth outwai'd ſo in her graces)
She is ſo ſolemne, ſo preciſe, ſo froward,
That no obſeruance I can doe to her,
Can make her kind to me: if ſhe find fault,
I mend that fault, and then ſhe ſaies I faulted
That I did mend it. Now good Friend aduiſe me
How I may temper this ſtrange Splene in her.
Mac. You are too amorous, too obſequious,
And make her, too aſſur'd ſhe may command you.
When women doubt moſt of their husbands loues,
They are moſt louing. Husbands muſt take heed
They giue no gluts of kindneſſe to their wiues,
But vſe them like their Horſes, whom they feed
Not with a manger-full of meat together,
But halfe a pecke at once, and keepe them ſo
Still with an appetite to that they giue them.
He that deſires to haue a louing wife,
Muſt bridle all the ſhew of that deſire:
Be kind, not amorous, nor bewraying kindneſſe,
As if loue wrought it, but conſiderate Duety:
„ Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues ſtill ſeeke them,
„ For when they come vnſought, they ſeldome like them.
Deli. Beleeue me *Macilente*, this is Goſpell.
O that a man were his owne man ſo much,
To rule himſelfe thus; I will ſtriue yfaith

To be more ſtrange and careleſſe: yet I hope
I haue now taken ſuch a perfect courſe,
To make her kind to me, and liue contented,
That I ſhall find my kindneſſe well return'd,
And haue no need to fight with my affections.
She (late) hath found much fault with euery roome
Within my houſe; One was too big (ſhe ſaid)
Another was not furniſht to her mind,
And ſo through all: All which I haue alter'd.
Then here ſhe hath a place (on my backſide)
Wherein ſhe loues to walke, and that (ſhe ſaid)
Had ſome ill ſmels about it. Now this walke
Haue I (before ſhe knowes it) thus perfum'd
With herbes and flowers, and laid in diuers places
(As 'twere on Altars conſecrate to her)
Perfumed Gloues, and delicate chaines of Amber,
To keepe the aire in awe of her ſweet noſthris:
This haue I done, and this I thinke will pleaſe her,
Behold ſhe comes.

Enter Fallace.

Fall. Here's a ſweet ſtinke indeed!
What, ſhall I euer be thus croſt and plagu'd?
And ſicke of Husband? O my head doth ake
As it would cleaue aſunder with theſe ſauors,
All my Room's alter'd, and but one poore Walke
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulſome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
(My braine doth ſweat ſo) I haue caught the Plague.
Del. Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too ſweet?
Thou ſaid'ſt of late it had ſower aires about it,
And found'ſt much fault, that I did not correct it.
Fall. Why, and I did find fault Sir?
Del. Nay deare wife;
I know thou haſt ſaid thou haſt lou'd perfumes,
No woman better.

Fall. I, long ſince perhaps,
But now that Sence is alterd: you would haue me
(Like to a puddle or a ſtanding poole)
To haue no motion, nor no ſpirit within me.
No, I am like a pure and ſprightly Riuer,
That moues for euer, and yet ſtill the ſame;
Or fire that burnes much wood, yet ſtill one flame.
Deli. But yeſterday, I ſaw thee at our garden
Smelling on Roſes and on purple flowers,
And ſince I hope the Humor of thy Sence
Is nothing chang'd.
Fall. Why thoſe were growing flowers,
And theſe within my walke are cut and ſtrew'd.
Deli. But yet they haue one ſent.
Fall. I, haue they ſo?
In your groſſe iudgement: if you make no difference
Betwixt the ſent of growing flowers and cut ones,
You haue a ſence to taſt Lampe-oyle, yfaith.
And with ſuch iudgement haue you chang'd the chambers,
Leauing no roome that I can ioy to be in
In all your houſe: and now my Walke and all
You ſmoke me from, as if I were a Foxe,
And long belike to driue me quite away:
Well walke you there, and I'le walke where I liſt.
Deli. What ſhall I doe? oh I ſhall neuer pleaſe her.
Mac. Out on thee dotard, what ſtarre rul'd his birth?
That brought him ſuch a Starre? blind Fortune ſtill
Beſtowes her gifts on ſuch as cannot yſe them;
How long ſhall I liue, ere I be ſo happy,
To haue a wife of this exceeding Forme?
Deli. Away with 'hem, would I had broke a ioint,
When I deuis'd this that ſhould ſo diſlike her,
Away, beare all away. *Fido beares all away.*
Fall. I doe: for feare
Ought that is there ſhould like her. O this man
How cunningly he can conceale himſelfe,

As though he lou'd? lou'd? nay honour'd and ador'd?
Deli. Why, my ſweet heart?
Fall. Sweet heart? oh, better ſtill:
And asking why? wherefore? and looking ſtrangely,
As if he were as white as innocence.
Alas, you're ſimple, you: you cannot change,
Looke pale at pleaſure, and then red with Wonder:
No, no, not you: I did but caſt an amorous eie e'en now
Vpon a paire of Gloues that ſomewhat likt me,
And ſtraight he noted it, and gaue commaund
All ſhould be ta'ne away.
Deli. Be they my bane then:
What ſirah, *Fido*, bring in thoſe Gloues againe *Enter Fido.*
You tooke from hence.
Fall. S'body ſirra, but do not:
Bring in no Gloues to ſpite me: If you doe----
Deli. Ay me, moſt wretched; how am I miſconſtru'd?
Mac. O, how ſhe tempts my heart-ſtrings with her eie,
To knit them to her Beauties, or to breake?
What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make
Me ſuch a woman? but a man; a beaſt,
That hath no bliſſe like to others. Would to God
(In wreake of my miſſortunes) I were turn'd
To ſome faire water-nymph, that ſet vpon
The deepeſt whirlepit of the rau'nous Seas,
My Adamantine eies might headlong hale
This yron world to me, and drowne it all.

Enter Fungoſo in Briskes Sute.

GREX.

Cord. } Behold, behold, the tranſlated Gallant.
Mit. } O, he is welcome.

Fung. God ſaue you Brother, and Siſter, God ſaue you ſir; I haue commendations for you out i'the countrey: I (wonder they take no knowledge of my Sute:) mine Vncle *Sogliardo* is in towne; Siſter, me thinkes you are Melancholly: why are you ſo ſad? I thinke you tooke me for Maſter *Faſtidius Briske*

(Sister) did you not?

Fall. Why should I take you for him?

Fun. Nay nothing, I was lately in Maister *Fastidius* his company, and me thinkes we are very like.

Deli. You haue a faire sute Brother, God giue you ioy on't.

Fung. Faith good ynough to ride in Brother, I made it to ride in.

Fall. O, nowe I see the cause of his idle demaund was his new sute.

Deli. Pray you good brother; try if you can chãge her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let mee alone. I'le put her out of her dumpes. Sister, how like you my sute?

Fall. O you are a gallant in print now Brother.

Fung. Faith, how like you the fashion? it's the last Edition I assure you.

Fall. I cannot but like it to the desert.

Fung. Troth sister, I was faine to borrow these Spurres, I ha' left my gowne in gage for 'hem, pray you lend me an angell.

Fall. Now beshrow my heart then.

Fung. Good truth Ile pay you againe at my next exhibition: I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholy into the fashion.

Fall. I care not.

Fung. I had Spurres of mine owne before, but they were not Ginglers. Monsieur *Fastidius* will be here anone Sister.

Fall. You iest?

Fung. Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and that I'ld be loth to say, in truth.

Fall. When did you see him?

Fung. Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir *Puntarvolo's*: nay sweet Sister.

Mac. I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole
Should weare a sute of Sattin? he? that Rooke?
That painted Iay with such a deale of outside?
What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Good Heauen giue me patience,

A number of these Popeniayes there are,
Whom if a man conferre, and but examine
Their inward merit, with such men as want;
Lord, Lord, what things they are!

Fall. Come, when will you pay me againe now?

Fung. O God Sister.

Enter Fastidius Briske in a new sute.

Mac. Here comes another.

Fast. Saue you Signior *Deliro*: how do'st thou sweet Lady? Let me kisse thee.

Fung. How? a new sute? Ay me.

Deli. And how does Maister *Fastidius Briske*?

Fast. Faith liue in Court Signior *Deliro*, in grace I thanke God, both of the Noble Masculine and Feminine. I must speake with you in priuat by and by.

Deli. When you please Sir.

Fall. Why looke you so pale brother?

Fung. S'lid all this money is cast away now.

Mac. I, there's a newer Edition come forth.

Fung. Tis but my hard fortune: wel, Ile haue my sute chang'd, Ile go fetch my taylor presently, but first Ile deuise a letter to my father. Ha' you any pen and inke Sister?

Fall. What would you doe withall?

Fung. I would vse it. S'light and it had come but foure daies sooner the Fashion. *Exit.*

Fast. There was a Countesse gaue mee her hand to kisse to day i'the presence: it did me more good by Iesu, then, and yesternight sent her Coach twise to my lodging, to intreat me accompanie her, and my sweet mistresse, with some two or three nameless Ladies more: O, I haue been grac't by 'hem beyond all aime of affection; this is her garter my dagger hangs in: and they doe so commend and approue my apparell, with my iudicious wearing o' it, it's aboue wonder.

Fall. Indeed Sir, tis a most excellent sute, and you doe weare it as extraordinarie.

Fast. Why Ile tell you now (in good faith) and by this Chaire, which (by the grace of God) I entend presently to sit in, I had three Sutes in one yeare, made three great Ladies in loue with me: I had other three, vndid three Gentlemen in imitation: and other three, gat three other Gentlemen, Widdowes of three thousand pound a yeare.

Deli. Is't possible?

Fast. O beleeue it sir; your good Face is the Witch, & your Apparell the Spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their Circle.

Fall. Ah, the sweet Grace of a Courtier!

Mac. Well, would my father had left me but a good Face for my portion yet; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate Wit that goes with it, I had not car'd: I might haue past for somewhat i'the world then.

Fast. Why, assure you Signior, rich apparell has strange vertues: it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an excellent Wit: he that enioies it with meanes, puts the world in remembrance of his meanes: it helpes the deformities of Nature, and giues Lustre to her beauties; makes continuall Holiday where it shines; sets the wits of Ladies at worke, that otherwise would bee idle: furnisheth your two-shilling Ordinarie; takes possession of your Stage at your new Play; and enricheth your Oares, as scorning to go with your Scull.

Mac. Pray you sir, adde this; it giues respect to your fooles, makes manie Theeues, as manie Strumpets, and no fewer Bankrupts.

Fall. Out, out, vnworthy to speake where he breatheth.

Fast. What's he, Signior?

Deli. A friend of mine, sir.

Fast. By heauen, I wonder at you Cittizens, what kind of Creatures you are?

Deli. Why sir?

Fast. That you can consort your selues with such poore scarrent fellowes.

Fall. He saies true.

Deli. Sir I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) he's a man worthy of regard.

Fast. Why? what ha's he in him of such vertue to be regarded? ha?

Deli. Marry he is a Scholler Sir.

Fast. Nothing else?

Deli. And he is well trauail'd.

Fast. He should get him cloths; I would cherish those good parts of trauell in him, and preferre him to some Nobleman of good place.

Deli. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my friends right) and I doubt not but his desert shall more than answere my praise.

Fast. Why, and hee had good cloths, I'ld carrie him to the Court with me to morrow.

Deli. He shall not want for those Sir, if Gold and the whole Cittie will furnish him.

Fast. You say wel sir: faith Signior *Delro*, I am come to haue you play the *Alchymist* with me, and change the *Species* of my land, into that mettall you talke of.

Deli. With all my heart Sir, what summe will serue you?

Fast. Faith some three or foure score pound.

Deli. Troth Sir I haue promist to meete a Gentleman this morning in *Paules*, but vppon my returne I'le dispatch you.

Fast. I le accompany you thither.

Deli. As you please Sir; but I go not thither directly.

Fast. 'Tis no matter, I haue no other designement in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Deli. I were as good haue a Quartane feauer follow me now, for I shall ne're bee rid of him: (bring me a Cloake there one) Still vpon his grace at the Court am I sure to be visited; I was a beast to giue him any hope. Well, would I were in that I am out with him once, and.---Come Signior *Macilente*, I must conferre with you as we go. Nay deere wise, I beseech thee forsake these moods: looke not like winter thus. Here take my keies, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before

thee, chooſe any obiect that delightes thee: If thou wilt eate the ſpirit of Golde, and drinke diſſolu'd Pearle in wine, tis for thee.

Fall. So Sir.

Del. Nay my ſweet wife.

Fall. Good Lord! how you are perfumed in your tearmes and all: pray you leaue vs.

Del. Come Gentlemen.

Faſt. Adue, ſweet Ladie. *Exeunt all but Fallace.*

Fall. I, I, Let thy words euer ſound in mine eares, and thy Graces diſperſe contentment through all my ſences: O, howe happie is that Ladie aboue other Ladies, that enioies ſo abſolute a Gentleman to her Seruant! A Counteſſe giue him her hand to kiſſe! ah fooliſh Counteſſe; hee's a man worthie (if a woman may ſpeake of a mans woorth) to kiſſe the lips of an Empreſſe.

Enter Fungoſo, with his Taylor.

Fun. What's Maſter *Faſtidius* gone, Siſter?

Pall. I brother: he has a Face like a *Cherubin.*

Fun. Gods me, what lucke's this? I haue fetcht my Taylor and all: which way went he Siſter? can you tell?

Fall. Not I, in good faith: and hee has a bodie like an Angell.

Fun. How long is't ſince he went?

Fall. Why but e'en nowe: did you not meete him? and a Tongue able to rauiſh any woman i'the earth.

Fun. O, for Gods ſake (Ile pleaſe you for your paines:) but e'en now, ſay you? Come good ſir: S'lid I had forgot it too: Siſter, if any body aske for mine Vncle *Sogliardo*, they ſhall ha' him at the *Heralds* Office yonder by *Paules.*

Exit, with his Taylor.

Fall. Well; I will not altogither deſpaire: I haue heard of a Cittizens wife has beene belou'd of a Courtier; and why not I? heigh ho: well, I will into my priuat Chamber, locke the dore to me, and thinke ouer all his good partes one after another. *Exit.*

GREX.

Mit. Well, I doubt this last *Scene* will endure some grieuous Torture. (ction?

Cord. How? you feare 'twill be rackt by some hard Conſtru-

Mit. Do not you?

Cord. No in good faith: vnleſſe mine eyes coulde light mee beyond *Sence*, I ſee no reaſon why this ſhould be more Liable to the Racke than the reſt: you'le ſaie perhaps the Cittie will not take it well, that the Merchant is made here to dote ſo perfectly vpon his wife; and ſhee againe, to be ſo *Faſtidiouſly* affected, as ſhe is?

Mit. You haue vtter'd my thought ſir, indeed.

Cord. Why (by that proportion) the Court might as well take offence at him we call the Courtier, and with much more Pretext, by howe much the place tranſcendes and goes before in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that anie Noble or true Spirit in the Court (whoſe Sinewie, and altogether vnaffected graces, verie worthilie expreſſe him a Courtier) will make any exception at the opening of ſuch an emptie Trunke as this *Briske* is? or thinke his owne worth empeacht by beholding his motley inſide?

Mit. No ſir, I do not.

Cord. No more, aſſure you, will any graue wiſe Cittizen, or modeſt Matron, take the obiect of this Follie in *Deliro* and his Wife; but rather apply it as the foile to their owne vertues: For that were to affirme, that a man writing of *Nero*, ſhoulde meane all Emperours: or ſpeaking of *Machiauel*, comprehend all States-men; or in our *Sordido*, all Farmars; and ſo of the reſt: than which, nothing can bee vtter'de more malicious and abſurd. Indeed there are a ſort of theſe narrow-ey'd Decipherers, I confeſſe, that will extort ſtraunge and abſtruſe meaninges out of anie Subiect, bee it neuer ſo Conſpicuous and Innocentlie deliuerd. But to ſuch (where e're they ſit conceald) let them knowe, the Authour defies them, and their writing-tables; and hopes, no ſounde or ſafe iudgement will infect it ſelfe with their contagious Commentes, whoe (indeed)

(indeed) come here onlie to peruert and poiſon the ſence of what they heare, and for nought elſe.

Mit. Stay, what new *Mute* is this that walks ſo ſuſpiciouſly?

Actvs Tertivs, Scena Prima.

Enter Caualier Shift, with two Siquiſſes in his hand.

Cord. O, marry this is one, for whoſe better Illuſtration; we muſt deſire you to preſuppoſe the Stage, the middle Iſle in *Paules*; and that, the Weſt end of it.

Mit. So ſir: and what followes?

Cord. Faith a whole volume of Humor, and worthie the vnclaſping.

Mit. As how? what name do you giue him firſt?

Cord. He hath ſhift of names ſir: ſome call him *Apple Iohn*, ſome Signior *Whiffe*, marry his main ſtanding name is *Caualier Shift*: the reſt are but as cleane ſhirts to his *Natures*.

Mit. And what makes he in *Paules* now?

Cor. Troth as you ſee, for the aduancement of a *Siquis* or two; wherein he has ſo varied himſelfe, that if anie one of them take, he maie hul vp and down i'the Humorous world a little longer.

Mit. It ſeemes then, he beares a very changing ſaile?

Cord. O, as the wind ſir: here comes more.

Enter Orenge.

Shift. This is rare, I haue ſet vp my bils without diſcouerie.

Oren. What? *Signior Whiffe*? what fortune has brought you into theſe Weſt parts?

Shift. Troth Signior, nothing but your Rheume; I haue been taking an ounce of Tabacco hard by here with a Gentleman, and I am come to ſpit priuate in *Paules*. God ſaue you ſir.

Oren. Adue good Signior *Whiffe*. *Enter Cloue.*

Cloue. Maiſter *Apple Iohn*? you are wel met: when ſhal wee ſuppe together, and laugh and bee fatte with thoſe good Wenches? ha?

Shift. Faith ſir, I muſt now leaue you, vpon a few Humors and occaſions: but when you pleaſe Sir. *Exit.*

Cloue. Fare-

Clone. Farewel sweet *Apple Iohn*; I wonder there are no more store of Gallants here?

GREX.

Mit. What be these two, Signior?

Cor. Marry a couple sir, that are meere straungers to the whole scope of our Play; only come to walke a turne or two i'this *Scene* of *Paules* by chaunce.

They walke together.

Oren. Saue you, good Master *Clone.*

Clone. Sweet Master *Orenge.*

GREX.

Mit. How? *Clone*, and *Orenge?*

Cor. I, and they are well met, for 'tis as dry an *Orenge* as euer Grew: nothing but *Salutation*, and *O God sir*, and *It pleases you to say so sir*; one that can laugh at a iest for company with a most plausible, and extemporall grace; and some houre after in priuate aske you what it was: the other; Monsieur *Clone*, is a more spic't youth: he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, in a book-sellers shop, reading the Greeke, Italian, and Spanish; when hee vnderstands not a word of either: if he had the Tongues to his Sutes, he were an excellent Linguist.

Clone. Doe you heare this reported for certainty?

Oreng. O good sir.

Enter Puntaruolo, Carlo: two seruingmen following, one leading the Dogge.

Punt. Sirrah, take my Cloake: and you sir knaue, follow me closer: if thou loosest my Dogge, thou shalt die a Dogs death; I will hang thee.

Carl. Tut, feare him not, he's a good leane slaue, hee loues a Dogge well I warrant him; I see by his lookes, I: masse hee's somewhat like him. Sbloud poison him, make him away with a crooked pin, or somewhat man; thou maist haue more security of thy life: and so Sir, what? you ha' not put out your whole venter yet? ha' you?

Punt. No, I doe want yet some fifteene or sixteene hundred

pounds: but my Lady (my wife) is out of her Humor; she does not now go.

Carl. No? how then?

Punt. Marry, I am now enforc't to giue it out, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Dogge, and my Cat.

Carl. Your Cat? where is shee?

Punt. My Squire has her there in the Bagge: Sirrah, looke to her: How lik'st thou my change, *Carlo*?

Car. Oh, for the better sir; your Cat has nine liues, and your wife has but one.

Punt. Besides, shee will neuer be Sea-sicke, which will saue me so much in Conserues: when saw you Signior *Sogliardo*?

Car. I came from him but now, hee is at the Heraldes Office yonder: he requested me to go afore and take vp a man or two for him in *Paules*, against his Cognisance was readie.

Punt. What? has he purchast armes then?

Car. I, and rare ones too: of as many Colours, as e're you saw any fooles coat in your life. Ile go looke among yond Bils, and I can fit him with Legs to his Armes.

Punt. With Legs to his Arms! Good: I will go with you sir.

They go to looke vpon the Bils.

Enter Fastidius, Deliro, and Macilente.

Fast. Come, lets walke in the *Mediterraneum*: I assure you sir I am not the least respected among Ladies; but let that passe: do you know how to go into the Presence Sir?

Mac. Why, on my feet sir.

Fast. No, on your head sir: for tis that must beare you out, I assure you: as thus sir: You must first haue an especiall care so to weare your Hat, that it oppresse not confusedly this your Predominant or Fore-top; because (when you come at the Presence dore) you maie with otice or twise stroking vp your Forehead thus, enter with your Predominant perfect: that is, standing vp stiffe.

Mac. As if one were frighted?

Fast. I sir.

Mac. Which indeede, a true feare of your Mistresse should

doe, rather than Gumme water, or whites of Egges: is't not so Sir?

Fast. An Ingenious obseruation: giue mee leaue to craue your name sir.

Deli. His name is *Macilente* sir.

Fast. Good Signior *Macilente*: if this Gentleman, Signior *Deliro*, furnish you (as he sayes he will) with clothes, I will bring you to morrow by this time into the Presence of the most Diuine and *Acute* Ladie of the Court: you shall see sweet Silent Rhetorique, and Dumbe Eloquence speaking in her eye; but when shee speakes her selfe, such an Anotomie of Witte, so Sinewiz'd and Arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest Modell of pleasure that euer was, to behold. Oh, she strikes the worlde into Admiration of her; (O, O, O) I cannot expresse 'hem beleeue mee.

Mac. O, your onely Admiration, is your silence, sir.

Punt. Fore God *Carlo*, this is good; let's read 'hem againe: *If there be anie Ladie, or gentlewoman of good carriage, that is desirous to entertaine (to her priuat vses) a young, straight, & vpright Gentleman, of the age of fiue, or sixe & twenty at the most: who can serue in the nature of a gentleman Vsher, and hath little legs of purpose, & a blacke Satten Sute of his own to go before her in: which Sute (for the more sweetning) now lies in Lauander: and can hide his face with her Fan, if need require: or sit in the cold at the staire foot for her as well as an other Gentleman: Let her subscribe her Name and Place, and diligent respect shall bee giuen.* This is aboue measure excellent; ha?

Carl. No this, this: here's a fine slaue.

Punt. If this citty, or the sub-vrbs of the same, do afford any yõng gentleman, of the 1. 2. or 3. head, more or les whose friends are but lately deceased, & whose lands are but new come to his hãds that (to be as exactly qualified as thẽ best of our ordinary gallãts are) is affected to entertaine the most Gentlemanlike vse of Tabacco: as first, to giue it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know al the delicate sweet forms for the assũptiõ of it: as also the rare Corollary & practise of the Cuban Ebolition, EVRIPVS, & Whiffe: whichhe

shall receiue or take in here at London, and euaporate at Vxbridge, or farder, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties: May it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to specifie the place, or Ordinarie where hee vses to eat and lie, and most sweet attendance with Tabacco, and Pipes of the best sort shall be ministred: STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LECTOR. why this is without *Paralel*, this!

Carlo. Well, I'le marke this fellow for *Sogliardo's* vse presently.

Punt. Or rather, *Sogliardo* for his vse.

Carl. Faith either of 'hem will serue, they are both good *Properties*: I'le designe the other a place too, that wee may see him.

Punt. No better place than the Mitre, that we may be Spectators with you *Carlo*. Soft, behold, who enters here: Signior *Sogliardo!* God saue you. *Enter Sog.*

Sog. Saue you good sir *Puntaruolo*; your Dogge's in health sir I see: how now *Carlo?*

Carl. We haue ta'ne simple paines to choose you out followers here.

Punt. Come hither Signior.

They shew him the Bils.

Clowe. Monsieur *Orenge*, yond' Gallants obserues vs; pr'y thee let's talke Fustian a little and gul 'hem; make 'hem beleeue we are great Schollers.

Oreng. O Lord sir.

Clowe. Nay, pr'y thee let's, by Iesu: you haue an excellent habit in discourse.

Oreng. It pleases you to say so sir.

Clowe. By this Church you ha' la: nay come, begin: *Aristotle in his Dæmonologia approoues Scaliger for the best Nauigator in his time: and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Heauton timorumenos*: you vnderstand the Greeke sir?

Oreng. O good sir.

Mac. For societies sake hee does. O here be a couple of fine tame Parrats.

Clowe. Now

Cloue. Now sir, Whereas the *Ingennitie* of the time, and the soules *Syndirisis* are but *Embrions* in Nature, added to the panch of *Esquiline*, & the *Inter-vallum* of ỹ *Zodiack*, besides the *Ecliptickeline* being *Optick* & not *Mental*, but by the *contemplatiue* and *Theoricke* part therof, doth demonstrate to vs the *vegetable circumference*, & the *ventositie* of the *Tropicks*, & wheras our *intellectual* or *mincing capreal* (according to ỹ *Metaphisicks*) as you may read in *Plato's Histriomastix*. You conceiue me sir?

Oren. O Lord sir.

Clou. Then cõming to the prety *Animal*, as *Reason long since is fled to Animals* you know, or indeed for the more *modellizing* or *enamelling*, or rather *diamondizing* of your *subiect*, you shall perceiue the *Hipothesis* or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long since had their *Initial inceptions* & *Notions*) to be meerly *Pithagorical*, *Mathematical*, & *Aristocratical*: for looke you sir, there is euer a kind of *Concinnitie* and *Species*. Let vs turne to our former discourse, for they marke vs not.

Fast. Masie, yonder's the Knight *Puntaruolo*.

Deli. And my cousin *Sogliardo* me thinks.

Mac. I, and his familiar that haunts him, the deuill with a shining face.

Deli. Let 'hem alone, obserue 'hem not.

Sogliardo, Punt. Car. walke.

Sog. Nay I wil haue him, I am resolute for that, by this parchment gentlemen, I haue been so toil'd among the Harrots yonder, you wil not beleeue, they do speak i'the strangest language, and giue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you knew.

Carl. But ha' you armes? ha' you armes?

Sog. Ytayth, I thanke God I can write my selfe gentleman now, here's my Patent, it cost me thirty pound by this breath.

Punt. A very faire Coat, wel charg'd and full of Armorie.

Sog. Nay, it has as much variety of colours in it, as you haue seene a Coat haue, how like you the Crest sir?

Punt. I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry sir, it is your Bore without a head Rampant.

Punt. A Bore without a head, that's very rare.

Carl. I, and Rampant too: troth I commend the Heralds wit, he has deciphered him well: A Swine without a head, without braine, wit, any thing indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie. You can blazon the reſt ſignior? can you not?

Sog. O I, I haue it in writing here of purpoſe, it coſt me two ſhillings the tricking.

Carl. Let's heare, Let's heare.

Punt. It is the moſt vile, fooliſh, abſurd, palpable, and ridiculous Eſcutcheon that euer this eie ſuruis'd. Saue you good Monſieur *Faſtidius*. *They ſalute as they meet in the walke.*

Carl. Silence good knight: on, on.

Sog. *GYRONY* of eight pieces, *AZVRE* and *GVLES*, between three plates a *CHEVRON* engrailed checkey, *OR*, *VERT* and *ERMINES*; on a chiefe *ARGENT* betweene two *ANNLETS*, ſables a Bores head *PROPER*.

Carl. How's that? on a chiefe *ARGENT*?

Sog. On a chiefe *ARGENT*, a Bores head *PROPER* betweene two *ANNLETS* ſables.

Carl. S'lud, it's a Hogs Cheeke and Puddings in a Peuter field this.

Sog. How like you them ſignior? *Punt.* Let the world be, *Not without muſtard*, your Creſt is very rare ſir. *Carl.* A frying pan to the Creſt had had no fellow.

Here they ſhift, Faſt. mixes with Punt. Car. and Sogli. Deli. & Macilente Clone and Orenge, foure couple.

Faſt. Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little Signior, I will ſalute the knight.

Carl. Come, lap't vp, lap't vp.

Faſt. You are right welencoũtred ſir, how do's your fair Dog?

Punt. In reaſonable ſtate ſir, what Cittizen is that you were conſorted with? a merchant of any worth?

Faſt. 'Tis Signior *Deliro* ſir.

Punt. Is it he? Saue you ſir.

Deli. Good ſir *Puntaruolo*. *Salute.*

Mac. O what Copie of foole would this place miniſter to one endew'd with Patience to obſerue it?

Carl. Nay

Carl. Nay looke you sir, now you are a Gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood and habite to a more austere forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your Gentilitie, and scorne euery man. Speak nothing humbly, neuer discourse vnder a Nobleman, though you ne're saw him but riding to the *Starre chamber*, it's all one. Loue no man, Trust no man, Speake ill of no man to his face, nor well of any man behind his backe. Salute fairly on the front, and wish 'hem hang'd vpon the turne. Spread your selfe vpon his bosome publikely, whose heart you would eate in priuate. These be principles, thinke on 'hem, I'le come to you againe presently.

Exit Car. Sogliardo mixes with Punt. and Fast.

Pun. Sirah, keep close, yet not so close, thy breath wil thaw my (ruffe.

Sog. O good cousin, I am a little busie, how does my neece, I am to walke with a knight here. *Enter Fung. with his Tailor.*

Fung. O he is here, look you sir, that's the Gentleman.

Tail. What he i' the blush colourd Sattin?

Fun. I, he sir, though his sute blush, he blushes not: looke you, that's the sute sir: I would haue mine, such a Sute without difference, such Stuffe, such a Wing, such a Sleeue, such a Skirt, Belly & all; therfore, pray you obserue it. Haue you a paire of Tables?

Fast. Why do you see sir? they say I am Phantastical; why true, I know it, & I pursue my Humor still in cōtempt of this *censorious* age: S'light & a man should doe nothing but what a sort of stale iudgments about this town will approue in him, hee were a sweet Asse, I'ld beg him yfaith: I ne're knew any more find fault with a fashion, then they that knew not how to put themselues into it: For mine own part, so I please mine owne appetite, I am carelesse what the fustie World speakes of me, puh:

Fung. Do you marke how it hangs at the knee there?

Tail. I warrant you sir.

Fung. For Gods sake do, note all: do you see the Coller sir?

Tail. Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch sir.

Fun. Pray God it do not, you'le make these linings serue? & helpe me to a chapman for the outside, will you?

Tail. I'le doe my best sir: you'le put it off presently?

Fung. I, go with mee to my chamber you shall haue it, but make hast of it, for the loue of Christ, for I'le sit i'my old sute, or else lie a bed and read the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

Exit with tailor. *Enter Car.*

Carl. O, if euer you were strucke with a iest, gallants, now, now. I doe vsher the most strange piece of Militarie Profession, that euer was discouer'd in *Insula Paulina.*

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a Creature?

Carl. A Pimpe, a Pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the rarest *Superficies* of a humor; he comes euery morning to emptie his lungs in *Pauls* here, and offers vp some fiue or six *Hecatomb's* of faces and sighes, and away againe. Here he comes; nay walke, walke, be not seene to note him, and wee shall haue excellent sport. *Enter Shift:*

Walkes by, and vses action to his Rapier.

Punt. S'lid he vented a sigh e'ne nowe, I thought he would haue blowne vp the church.

Carl. O you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires ere he depart.

Fast. See nowe he is expostulating with his Rapier, Looke, Looke.

Carl. Did you euer in your daies obserue better passion ouer a hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the person of a Cutlers boy, or that the fellow were nothing but Vapour, I should thinke it impossible.

Car. See, again, he claps his sword o'the head, as who should say, Well, go to.

Fast. O violence, I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, being so prouokt.

Carl. *With that, the moody Squire thumpt his breast,*
And rear'd his eyen to heauen for Reuenge.

Sog. Troth, and you be Gentlemen, Lets make 'hem friends, and take vp the matter betweene his Rapier and he.

Carl. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the matter,

ter, for this Rapier (it ſeemes) is in the nature of a Hanger on, and the good Gentleman would happily be rid of him.

Faſt. By my faith, and 'tis to be ſuſpected, I'le aſke him.

Mac. O here's rich ſtuffe, for Chriſt ſake, let vs goe,
A man would wiſh himſelfe a ſenſeleſſe pillar,
Rather than view theſe monſtrous prodigies:
Nil habet infœlix Paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod Ridiculos homines facit. *Exit, with Delire.*

Faſt. Signior.

Shift. At your ſeruice.

Faſt. VVill you ſell your Rapier?

Carl. S'bloud he is turn'd wild vpon the queſtion, he lookes as he had ſeene a Serjeant.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? now God bleſſe me.

Punt. Amen.

Shift. You askt me, if I would ſell my Rapier Sir?

Faſt. I did indeed.

Shift. Now Lord haue mercie vpon me.

Punt. Amen I ſay ſtill.

Shift. S'lud Sir, what ſhould you behold in my face Sir, that ſhould mooue you (as they ſay Sir) to aske me Sir, if I would ſell my Rapier?

Faſt. Nay (let me pray you Sir) be not moou'd: I proteſt I would rather haue been ſilent than any way offenſiue, had I knowne your nature.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? Gods lid: Nay Sir (for mine own part) as I am a man that has ſeru'd in cauſes, or ſo, ſo I am not apt to injurie any Gentleman in the degree of falling foule, but: ſell my Rapier? I will tell you Sir, I haue ſeru'd with this fooliſh Rapier, where ſome of vs dare not appeare in haſt, I name no man: but let that paſſe; Sell my Rapier? Death to my Lungs. This Rapier Sir, has trauail'd by my ſide Sir, the beſt part of Fraunce and the low Countrey: I haue ſeene *Vliſſing*, *Brill*, and the *Hughe* with this Rapier Sir, in my Lord of *Leyſters* time; and (by Gods will) he that ſhould offer to diſrapier me now, I would — Looke you ſir, you preſume to be a Gentleman of good ſort,

and so likewise your friends here, If you haue any disposition to trauel, for the sight of seruice or so, One, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to diuers Officers and Commaunders in the Low Countries, that shall for my cause doe you all the good offices that shall pertaine or belong to Gentlemen of your —— Please you to shewe the Bountie of your mind Sir, to impart some ten groats or halfe a Crowne to our vse, till our abilitie be of grow'th to returne it, and wee shall thinke our selfe. —— Sbloud, sell my Rapier?

Sog. I pray you what said he Signior? hee's a proper man.

Fast. Marie he tells me, If I please to shew the bountie of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his vse or so.

Punt. Breake his head, and giue it him.

Carl. I thought he had ben playing on the Iewes Trump I.

Shift. My Rapier? no sir: my Rapier is my Guard, my Defence, my Reuenew, my Honour: (if you cannot impart be secret I beseech you) & I will maintaine it, where there is a grain of dust or a drop of water: (hard is the choise when the valiant must eat their Armes or clem:) Sell my Rapier? no my Deare, I will not be diuorc't from thee yet, I haue euer found thee true as Steele: and (you cannot impart Sir) God saue you Gentlemen: (neuertheless if you haue a fancie to it sir.)

Fast. Pr'y thee away: is Signior *Deliro* departed?

Carl. Ha' you seene a Pimpe out-face his owne wants better?

Sog. I commend him that can dissemble them so well.

Punt. True, and hauing no better a cloake than he has for it neither. (Gentlemen.

Fast. Gods pretious, what mischieuous lucke is this? adiew

Punt. VVhither? in such hast, Monsieur *Fastidius*?

Fast. After my Merchant, Signior *Deliro* sir.

Carl. O hinder him not, hee may hap loose his Tyde, a good Flounder i'faith. *Exit.*

Oren. Harke you Sig. *Whiffe*, a word with you. } *Oren. and Clowe*

Carl. How? Signior *Whiffe*? } *call Shift aside.*

Oren. VVhat was the difference betweene that young Gallant that's gone, and you sir.

Shift. No difference: he would ha' giu'n me fiue pound for my Rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all. (ſome terms.

Clou. O, was it no otherwiſe? we thought you had ben vpon

Shift. No other than you ſaw ſir.

Clou. Adiew good Maſter *Apple Iohn.* *Exeũt Oren. & Cloue.*

Carl. How? *Whiffe*, and *Apple Iohn* too? Hart, what'll you ſay if this be the *Appendix* or Labell to both yond' Indentures?

Punt. It may be. *Car.* Reſolue vs of it *Ianus*, thou that look'ſt euery way; or thou *Hercules*, that haſt trauail'd all Countries.

Punt. Nay *Carlo*, ſpend not time in Inuocation now; 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a Gentleman deſirous of your name ſir.

Shift. My name is *Canalier Shift*: I am knowne ſufficiently in this walke ſir.

Carl. Shift? I heard your name varied e'ene now, as I take it.

Shift. True ſir, it pleaſes the world (as I am her excellent *Tabacconiſt*) to giue me the ſtyle of Signior *Whiffe*: as I am a poore Eſquire about the towne here, they call me Maſter *Apple Iohn*: varietie of good names does well ſir.

Carl. I, and good parts, to make thoſe good names: out of which I imagine yond' Bills to be yours.

Shift. Sir, if I ſhould denie the *Scriptures*, I were worthy to be baniſht the middle yle for euer.

Carl. I take your word ſir: this Gentleman has ſubſcrib'd to 'hem, & is moſt deſirous to become your Pupil; mary you muſt vſe expedition: *Signior Inſulſo Sogliardo*, this is the Profeſſor.

Sog. In good time ſir, nay good ſir houſe your head, doe you profeſſe theſe ſleights in Tabacco?

Shift. I doe more than profeſſe ſir, and (if you pleaſe to be a practitioner) I will vndertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you ſhall take it plauſibly in any Ordinarie, Theatre, or the Tilt-yard if need be; the moſt popular aſſembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the *Whiffe* ſo ſoone?

Shift. Yes as ſoone Sir: he ſhall receiue the 1, 2, and 3 *Whiffe*, if it pleaſe him, and (vpon the receit) take his horſe, drinke his three cups of Canarie, and expoſe one at Hounſlow, a ſecond at Staines, and a third at Bagſhot.

Carl. Baw-waw. (*Countenance.*

Sog. You will not ſerue me ſir, wil you? I'le giue you more thā

Shift. Pardon me Sir, I doe ſcorne to ſerue any man.

Carl. VVho? he ſerue? S'bloud he keepes High men, & Low men, hee? he has a faire liuing at Fullam.

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower if you pleaſe.

Sog. Sir, you ſhall ſtay and dine with me, and if we can agree, wee'le not part in haſt: I am very bountifull to men of quality. VVhere ſhall we goe Signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your beſt houſe.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I liſt, and he ſhall retaine or refume them at my pleaſure.

Punt. By your patience, follow me fellowes.

Sog. Sir *Puntaruolo.*

Punt. Pardon me, my Dog ſhall not eat in his companie for a Million. *Exit Punt. with his followers.*

Carl. Nay be not you amaz'd Signior *Whiffe*, what e're that ſtiffeneckt Gentleman ſayes.

Sog. No, for you doe not know the Humor of the Dog as we doe: where ſhall we dine *Carlo*? I would faine go to one of theſe Ordinaries now I am a Gentleman.

Car. So you may, were you neuer at none yet?

Sog. No faith, but they ſay there reſorts your moſt choice Gallants.

Car. True, and the faſhion is, when any ſtraunger comes in amongſt 'hem, they all ſtand vp and ſtare at him, as hee were ſome vnknowne beaſt brought out of Affricke, but that 'll be helpt with a good aduenturous face; you muſt be impudent enough, ſit downe, and vſe no reſpect: when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, ſmile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'le thinke you haue trauail'd: though you argue a whole day in ſilence thus, and diſcourſe in nothing but Laughter, 'twill paſſe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, Diſcharge a good full Oth, and offer a great VVager, 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I warrant you, I am resolute, come good Signior, theres a poore French crowne for your Ordenarie.

Shift. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least Portcullice of coine before. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Mit. I trauell with another obiection Signior, which I feare will be enforc'd against the Author, ere I can be deliuer'd of it.

Cord. What's that sir?

Mit. That the argument of his Comedie might haue been of some other nature, as of a Duke to be in loue with a Countesse, & that Countesse to bee in loue with the Dukes son, & the son to loue the Ladies waiting maid: some such crosse woing, with a Clowne to their seruingman, better than to be thus neere and familiarly allied to the time.

Cord. You say well, but I would faine heare one of these Autumne-iudgements define once, *Quid sit Comœdia?* if he cannot, let him content himselfe with *Ciceros* definition (till hee haue strength to propose to himself a better) who would haue a Comedie to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum Consuetudinis, Imago veritatis*, a thing throughout pleasant and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners: if the maker haue fail'd in any particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not, why; be you (that are for them) silent, as I will bee for him; and giue way to the Actors.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Sordido with a halter about his necke.

Sord. Nay Gods-pretious, if the weather and the Season bee so respectlesse, that Beggers shall liue as well as their betters; and that my hunger and thirst for Riches, shall not make them hunger and thirst with Pouertie; that my sleepes shall be broken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shall be full, and yet care; theirs emptie, and yet merrie: 'Tis time that a Crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud cannot beare this crosse.

GREX.

Mit. VVhat will he hang himselfe?
Cor. Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despaire.
Mit. Beshrow me, he wil be out of his Humor then indeed.

Sord. Tut, these star-monger knaues, who would trust 'hem? one saies, darke and rainie, when 'tis as cleare as Christall; another saies, tempestuous blasts, and stormes, and 'twas as calme as a Milke bowle; here be sweet rascals for a man to credite his whole fortunes with: You skie-staring Cocks combes you: you fat braines, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to sweat nightcaps and make rug-gownes deare: you learned men, and haue not a Legion of Deuils, *a vostre seruice: a vostre seruice?* By heauen I thinke I shall die a better scholler than they, but soft, how now sirah. *Enter a Hind with a letter.*

Hind. Here's a letter come from your Sonne sir.

Sord. From my Sonne sir? what would my Sonne sir? some good newes no doubt. *The letter.*

Sweet and deare father, (desiring you first to send me your blessing, which is more worth to me than Gold or Siluer) I desire you likewise to be aduertised, that this Shrouetide (contrarie to custome) wee vse alwaies to haue Reuels; which is indeed Dancing, and makes an excellent shew in truth; especially if we Gentlemen bee well attir'd, which our Seniors note, and thinke the better of our fathers, the better we are maintain'd, and that they shall know if they come vp, and haue any thing to do in the Law: therfore good Father, these are (for your own sake as wel as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not want that which is fit for the setting vp of our name in the honourable volume of Gentilitie, that I may say to our Columnators with Tullie, *EGO SVM ORTVS DOMVS MEÆ, TV OCCASSVS TVÆ. And thus (not doubting of your fatherly Beneuolence) I humbly ask you blessing, and pray God to blesse you. Yours, if his owne.*

How's this? *Yours, if his owne?* is he not my Sonne, except he bee his owne Sonne: Belike this is some new kind of subscription the Gallants vse. VVell, wherefore doest thou stay knaue? Away: goe. *Exit Hind.*

Here's a letter indeed; Reuels? and benevolence? is this a weather

ther to send beneuolence? or is this a season to reuell in? S'lid the Deuill and all takes part to vexe mee I thinke: this letter would neuer haue come now else, now, now, when the sunne shines, and the aire thus cleare. Soule if this hold, wee shall shortly haue an excellent crop of Corne spring out of the high waies, the Streets, and Houses of the town will be hid with the rankenesse of the fruits that grow there in spight of good Husbandrie. Goe to, Ile preuent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will preuent the sight of it. I haue this remedie *Heauen*: stay; Ile trie the paine thus a little, O, nothing, nothing. VVell now: shall my sonne gaine a beneuolence by my death? or any bodie be the better for my Gold or so forth? No. Aliue I kept it from 'hem, and (dead) my ghost shall walke about it and preserue it, my Sonne and Daughter shall sterue ere they touch it, I haue hid it as deepe as Hell from the sight of Heauen, and to it I goe now. *Fals off.*

Enter Rustici, 5 or 6, one after another.

Rust. 1 Aye me, what pitifull sight is this? helpe, helpe, helpe.

Rust. 2 How now? what's the matter?

Rust. 1 O here's a man has hang'd himselfe, helpe to get him againe.

Rust. 2 Hang'd himselfe? Slid carry him afore a Iustice, 'tis *chance medley* on my word.

Rust. 3 How now, what's here to doe?

Rust. 4 How comes this?

Rust. 2 One has executed himselfe contrarie to the order of Law, and by my consent he shall answer't.

Rust. 5 VVould he were in case to answere it.

Rust. 1 Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.

Sord. Oh.

Rust. 3 Masse, 'twas well you went the footway neighbour.

Rust. 1 I, and I had not cut the halter.

Sord. How? cut the halter? Aye mee, I am vndone, I am vndone.

Rust. 2. Marry if you had not beene vndone, you had beene hang'd I can tell you.

Sord. You

Sord. You thredbare horse-bread eating rascals, if you would needs haue been medling, could you not haue vntied it, but you must cut it? and in the midst too? Aye me.

Rust. 1 Out on mee, 'tis the Caterpiller *Sordido*; how cursed are the poore, that the viper was blest with this good fortune?

Rust. 2 Nay how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poore?

Rust. 3 I, and to saue so wretched a Caytife.

Rust. 4 Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him.

Rust. 2 Some desperate furie possesse thee, that thou maiest hang thy selfe too.

Rust. 5 Neuer maiest thou be sau'd, that sau'd so damn'd a monster.

Sord. VVhat curses breath these men? how haue my deeds
Made my lookes differ from another mans,
That they should thus detest, and loth my life?
Out on my wretched Humor, it is that
Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eies.
Pardon me (gentle friends) I'le make faire mends
For my foule errors past, and twentie-fold
Restore to all men, what with wrong I rob'd them:
My Barnes and Garners shall stand open still
To all the poore that come, and my best graine
Be made almes-bread to feed halfe-famisht mouths.
Though hetherto amongst you I haue liu'd
Like an vnsauorie Muck-hill to my selfe,
Yet now my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,
Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vses.
Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing
My life and soule together. O how deepely
The bitter curses of the poore do pierce!
I am by wonder chang'd; come in with me
And witnesse my repentance: now I proue,
No life is blest, that is not grac't with Loue. *Exit.*

Rust. 2 O miracle! see when a man has grace.

Rust. 3 Had't not been pitie so good a man should haue ben cast away?

Rust. 2 VVell,

Ruſt.2 VVell, I'le get our Clarke put his conuerſion in the Chronicle.

Ruſt.4 Doe, for I warrant him hee's a vertuous man.

Ruſt. O God how he wept if you mark't it: did you ſee how the teares trill'd?

Ruſt.5 Yes beleeue mee; like maiſters Vicars bowles vpon the greene, for all the world.

3 *or* 4. O neighbour, God 's bleſsing your heart neighbour, 'twas a good gratefull deed. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Cord. How now *Mitis*? what's that you conſider ſo ſeriouſly?

Mit. Troth, that which doth eſſentially pleaſe mee: the warping condition of this greene and ſoggie multitude: but in good faith Signior, your Author hath largely outſtript my expectation in this Scene, I will liberally confeſſe it. For when I ſaw *Sordido* ſo deſperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him then. (indeed?

Cord. VVhat? you ſuppos'd hee ſhould haue hung himſelfe

Mit. I did; and had fram'd my objection to it readie, which may yet be very fitly vrg'd, & with ſome neceſsitie: for though his purpos'd violence loſt th'effect, & extended not to death, yet the Intent and Horror of the object was more than the nature of a Comedie will in any ſort allow.

Cord. I? what thinke you of *Plautus* in his Comedie called *Ciſtellaria* there? where he brings in *Alceſimarchus* with a drawne ſword readie to kill himſelfe, and as hee is e'ne fixing his breaſt vpon it, to bee reſtrain'd from his reſolu'd outrage by *Silenium* and the Bawd: is not his authoritie of power to giue our Scene approbation?

Mit. Sir, I haue this (your only) euaſion left mee, to ſay, *I thinke it bee ſo indeed, your memorie is happier than mine:* but I wonder what engine he will vſe to bring the reſt out of their Humors?

Cord. That will appeare anone, neuer preoccupie your imagination withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the

Scene ſtil, which now remoues it ſelfe from the Countrie to the Court. Here comes *Macilente* and Signior *Briske* freſhly ſuted, looſe not your ſelfe, for now the *Epitaſis* or buſie part of our Subject is in Action.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macilente, Briske, Cinedo, with Tabacco.

Faſt. VVell now Signior *Macilente*, you are not onely welcome to the Court, but alſo to my miſtreſſe with drawing chāber: Boy get me ſome *Tabacco*, Ile but goe in, and ſhew I am here, and come to you preſently ſir. *Exit.*

Mac. VVhat's that he ſaid? by heauen I markt him not,
My thoughts, and I were of another world;
I was admiring mine owne outſide here,
To thinke what priuiledge and palme it beares
Here in the court: Be a man ne're ſo vile
In wit, in judgement, manners, or what elſe;
If he can purchaſe but a Silken couer,
He ſhall not only paſſe, but paſſe regarded:
VVhereas let him be poore and meanely clad,
Though ne're ſo richly parted; you ſhall haue
A fellow (that knowes nothing but his Beefe
Or how to rince his clammie guts in beere)
VVill take him by the ſhoulders or the throte,
And kicke him downe the ſtaires. Such is the ſtate
Of vertue in bad Cloths, ha, ha, ha, ha,
That Raiment ſhould be in ſuch high requeſt?
How long ſhould I be ere I ſhould put off
To my Lord *Chancelors* tombe, or the *Shriues* poſts?
By heauen (I thinke) a thouſand thouſand yeare,
His Grauitie, his wiſdome, and his faith,
To my dread Soueraigne (graces that ſuruiue him)
Theſe I could well endure to reuerence,
But not his Tombe, no more than Ile commend
The Chappell Organ for the guilt without,
Or this bace Violl for the varniſht face. *Enter Faſt.*

Faſt. In faith I haue made you ſtay ſomewhat long ſir, but is

my *Tabacco* readie boy?

Cine. I Sir.

Fast. Giue me, my mistresse is vpon comming, you shall see her presently sir, (*Tab.*) you'le say you neuer accosted a more piercing wit. This *Tabacco* is not dried Boy, or else the Pipe's defectiue. Oh, your wits of Italie are nothing comparable to her, her braine's a very Quiuer of iests, and she do's dart them abroad with that sweet loose and judiciall aime, that you would—here she comes sir.

Enter Saviolina, and goes in againe.

Mac. 'Twas time, his inuention had been bogd else,

Savi. Giue me my fanne there.

Mac. How now Mounsieur *Briske*?

Fast. A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes me with a cold shiuering (me thinkes.)

Mac. I like such tempers well, as stand before their Mistresses with feare and trembling, and before their Maker like impudent mountaines.

Fast. By Iesu, I'ld spend twentie pound my vaulting Horse stood here now, she might see me doe but one tricke?

Mac. VVhy do's she loue actiuitie?

Cine. Or if you had but your long stockings on to bee dauncing a Galliard, as she comes by.

Fast. I either. O these stirring humors make Ladies mad with desire, she comes. My good *Genius* embolden me, Boy the Pipe quickly. *Enter Saviolina.*

Mac. VVhat? will he giue her musicke?

Fast. A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

Savi. Faire seruant, Ile thanke you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answere? is't not admirable?

Mac. I were a simple Courtier, if I could not admire trifles sir.

Fast. Troth sweet Ladie I shal (*Tab.*) be prepar'd to giue you thankes for those thanks, and (*Tab.*) studie more officious and obsequious regards (*Tab.*) to your faire beauties: (*Tab.*) mend the pipe boy.

Mac. I ne're knew *Tabacco* taken as a *parentheſis* before.

Faſt. Fore God (ſweet Ladie) beleeue it, I doe honour the meaneſt ruſh in this chamber for your loue.

Saui. I, you need not tell me that ſir, I do think you doe prize a ruſh before my loue.

Mac. Is this the wonder of nations?

Faſt. O, by Ieſu pardon me, I ſaid for your loue, by this light; but it is the accuſtomed ſharpeneſſe of your Ingenuitie ſweet Miſtreſſe to---Maſſe your Violl's new ſtrung me thinkes.

Takes downe the Violl.

Mac. Ingenuitie; I ſee his ignorance will not ſuffer him to ſlander her; which he had done moſt notably, if he had ſaid *Wit* for *Ingenuitie*, as he meant it.

Faſt. By the ſoule of Muſicke Ladie (*hum, hum.*)

Saui. VVould we might heare it once.

Faſt. I doe more adore and admire your (*hum, hum*) predominant perfections than (*hum, hum*) euer I ſhall haue power and facultie to expreſſe (*hum.*)

Saui. Vpon the Violl *de Gambo* you meane?

Faſt. It's miſerably out of tune, by this hand.

Saui. Nay rather by the fingers.

Mac. It makes good *Harmonie* with her wit.

Faſt. Sweet Ladie tune it. Boy ſome *Tabacco.*

Mac. Tabacco againe? hee do's court his miſtreſſe with very exceeding good changes.

Faſt. Signior *Macilente*, you take none ſir? (*Tab.*)

Mac. No, vnleſſe I had a miſtreſſe Signior, it were a great *Indecorum* for me to take *Tabacco.*

Faſt. How like you her wit? (*Tab.*)

Mac. Her *Ingenuitie* is excellent ſir.

Faſt. You ſee the ſubject of her ſweet fingers there? (*Tab.*) Oh ſhee tickles it ſo, that (*Tab.*) ſhee makes it laugh moſt Diuinely; (*Tab.*) Ile tell you a good jeaſt now, and your ſelfe ſhall ſay it's a good one: I haue wiſht my ſelfe to bee that Inſtrument (I thinke) a thouſand times, and not ſo few, by Heauens (*Tab.*)

Mac. Not vnlike Sir: but how? to be cas'd vp and hung by on the wall?

Fast. O, no sir, to be in vse I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testifie. (*Tab.*)

Saui. Here Seruant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweet Ladie (*Tab.*) In good faith here's most Diuine *Tabacco.*

Saui. Nay, I cannot stay to Daunce after your Pipe.

Fast. Good, my deare Ladie stay: by this sweete Smoake, I thinke your wit be all fire. (*Tab.*)

Mac. And hee's the *Salamander* that liues by it.

Saui. Is your *Tabacco* perfum'd Sir? that you sweare by the sweet Smoake.

Fast. Still more excellent: before God, and these bright Heauens) I thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of *Ingenuitie*, I. (*Tab.*)

Maci. True, as your discourse is: O abhominable!

Fast. VVill your Ladiship take any?

Saui. O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a *Woodcocks*

Fast. Meaning my head, Ladie? (head.

Saui. Not altogither so Sir; but (as it were Fatall to their follies that thinke to grace themselues with taking *Tabacco*, when they want better entertainment) you see your Pipe beares the true forme of a *Woodcockes* head.

Fast. O Admirable *Simile*!

Saui. 'Tis best leauing you in Admiration, Sir.

Exit Saviolina.

Mac. Are these the admired Lady-wits, that hauing so good a Plaine-song, can runne no better Diuision vpon it. S'heart, all her jeasts are of the stampe *March* was fifteene yeeres agoe. Is this the *Comet* Monsieur *Fastidius*, that your Gallants wonder at so?

Fast. Heart of a Gentleman to neglect mee afore presence thus: Sweet Sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace; By Iesu, I neuer was in so vile a Humor in my life, and her wit was at the floud too, Report it not for a million good sir; let me be so farre endear'd to your loue. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Mit. VVhat followes next, Signior *Cordatus*? this Gallants Humour is almoſt ſpent me thinkes, it ebbes apace, with this contrarie breath of his miſtreſſe.

Cord. O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a generall drought of Humor among all our Actors, and then I feare not but his will fall as low as any. See who preſents himſelfe here?

Mit. VVhat, i'the old caſe?

Cord. Yfaith, which makes it the more pitifull; you vnderſtand where the Scene is?

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Fungoſo, Fallace following him.

Fall. VVhy are you ſo Melancholly brother?

Fun. I am not melancholly I thanke you Siſter.

Fall. VVhy are you not merry then? there are but two of vs in all the world, and if we ſhould not be comforts to one another, God helpe vs.

Fun. Faith, I cannot tell Siſter, but if a man had any true Melancholly in him, it would make him melancholly, to ſee his yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats to make his ſonne a Gentleman: and yet when hee has cut 'hem, hee will ſee his ſonnes throat cut too, ere he make him a true Gentleman indeed, before Death cut his owne throat. I muſt be the firſt Head of our houſe, and yet hee will not giue mee the head, till I be made ſo. Is any man tearm'd a Gentleman that is not alwayes i'the faſhion? I would know but that.

Fall. If you be melancholly for that brother, I thinke I haue as much cauſe to be melancholly, as one; for I'le be-ſworne I liue as litle in the faſhion, as any woman in *London*. By the Bible of heauen (beaſt that I am to ſay it) I haue not one friend i'the world beſides my husband. VVhen ſaw you Maſter *Faſtidius Briske*, Brother?

Fung. But a while ſince Siſter, I thinke, I know not well in truth. By Gods lid I could fight with all my heart me thinkes.

Fall. Nay

Fall. Nay good Brother, be not resolute.

Fun. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answer neither.

Fall. Oh sweet *Fastidius Briske*, O fine *Courtier*, thou art hee mak'st me sigh and say, How blessed is that woman that hath a *Courtier* to her husband? and how miserable a dame she is that hath neither husband nor friend in the *Court*: O sweet *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*. How comely hee bowes him in his courtesie? how full he hits a woman betwixt the lips when he kisses? how vpright he sits at the table? how daintily he carues? how sweetly he talkes, and tels newes of this Lord, and of that Lady? how cleanly he wipes his spoon at euery spoonfull of any whit-meat he eats, and what a neat case of picktoothes he carries about him still? O sweet *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*!

Enter Deliro with Musitians.

Deli. See, yonder she is Gentlemen, now (as euer you'le bear the name of *Musitians*) touch your instruments sweetly, she has a delicate eare, I tell you, play not a false note I beseech you.

Music. Feare not Signior *Deliro*.

Deli. O begin, begin, some sprightly thing; Lord, how my imagination labours with the successe of it: well said, good yfaith, heauen graunt it please her, I'le not be seene, for then shee'le be sure to dislike it.

Fall. Heyda, this is excellent, I'le lay my life this is my husbands dotage, I thought so, nay neuer play peeke-boe with me, I know you do nothing but studie how to anger me sir.

Deli. Anger thee, sweet wife? why didst thou not send for Musitians to supper last night thy selfe?

Fall. To Supper Sir? now come vp to Supper I beseech you: as though there were no difference betweene Supper time when folkes should be merrie, and this time when they would be Melancholly? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife, if I had no more iudgement to please her.

Deli. Be pleas'd sweet wife, and they shall ha' done: & would to Christ my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

Exit Musitians. *Enter Macilente.*

Mac. God

Maci. God saue you Ladie; where is Master *Deliro*?

Deli. Here, Master *Macilente*: you'r welcome from the Court Sir; no doubt you haue been grac't exceedingly of Master *Briskes* Mistresse, and the rest of the Ladies for his sake?

Mac. Alas, the poore *Phantastick*, hee's scarse knowne
To any Lady there: and those that know him,
Know him the simplest man of all they know:
Deride, and play vpon his amorous Humors,
Though he but Apishly doth imitate
The Gallans't Courtiers, kissing Ladies Pumps,
Holding the Cloth for them, praising their VVits,
And seruilely obseruing euery one,
May doe them pleasure: Fearefull to be seene
VVith any man (though he be ne're so worthy)
That's not in grace with some that are the greatest.
Thus Courtiers doe, and these he counterfeits,
But sets not such a sightly carriage
Vpon their vanities, as they themselues;
And therefore they despise him: for indeed
Hee's like a *Zani* to a Tumbler,
That tries trickes after him to make men laugh.

Fall. Here's an vnthankfull spitefull wretch: the good Gentleman vouchsafe to make him his companion (because my husband put him into a few Rags) and now see how the vnrude Rascall backbites him.

Deli. Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem then? say you?

Mac. Faith like a pawne at *Chesse*, fills vp a roume, that's all.

Fall. O monster of men! can the Earth beare such an enuious Caitiffe?

Deli. VVell, I repent me I e're credited him so much: but (now I see what he is, and that his masking viz or is off) I'le forbeare him no longer. all his lands are morgag'd to me, and forfeited: besides, I haue Bonds of his in my hand for the receit of now xx pound, now xxx, now xxv: still as he has had a Fanne but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new Sute. VVell, I'le salute him by a *Sergeant*, the next time I see him y faith, I'le Suit him.

Maci.

Mac. VVhy, you may soon see him Sir, for he is to meet Signior *Puntarvolo* at a *Notaries* by the *Exchange* presently, where he meanes to take vp vpon returne.

Fall. Now out vpon thee *Iudas*; canst thou not be content to backbite thy friend, but thou wilt betray him? wilt thou seeke the vndoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you Sir get your liuing by the counsell of Traitors?

Deli. Deare wife, haue patience.

Fall. The house will fall, the ground will open, & swallow vs: I'le not bide here for all the Gold and Siluer in Heauen. *Exit.*

Deli. O good *Macilente*, let's follow and appease her, or the Peace of my life is at an end. *Exit.*

Maci. Now *Pease*, and not Peace feed that life, whose head hangs so heauily ouer a womans Manger. *Exit.*

Enter Fallace running, at another dore, and claps it to.

Fall. Helpe me brother: Gods body and you come here, I'le do my selfe a mischiefe.

Deli. Nay, heare me sweet wife, vnlesse thou wilt haue me go, I will not go. *Within.*

Fall. Tut, you shall ne're ha' that vantage of me, to say you are vndone by me: I'le not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweet brother, here's foure Angels, I'le giue you toward your Sute; for the loue of Iesu, and as euer you came of Christen creature, make hast to the water side (you know where Master *Fastidius* vses to land) and giue him warning of my husbands intent, and tell him of that leane Rascals treachery: O Iesu, how my flesh rises at him? nay, sweete brother make hast; you may say I would haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time would not suffer it: He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from me: and Commend me to him good brother: say I sent you. *Exit.*

Fung. Let me see; these foure Angels: and then fortie shillings more I can borrow on my Gowne in Fetter-lane: well, I will goe presently, say on my Sute, pay as much money as I haue, and sweare my selfe into Credit with my Taylor for the rest. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Deliro, with Macilente, speaking as they passe ouer the Stage.

Deli. O, on my Soule you wrong her, *Macilente*, Though she be froward, yet I know shee is honest.

Mac. VVell, then haue I no judgement; would any woman (but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into that immodest and violent Pasion against her husband? or is't posible---

Deli. If you loue me, forbeare; all the Arguments i'the world shall neuer wrest my heart to beleeue it. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Cord. How like you the Deciphering of his Dotage?

Mit. O, strangely; and of the others Enuie too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here comes the Knight Aduenturer.

Cord. I, and his *Scriuener* with him.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Puntarvolo, Notarie, with Seruingmen.

Punt. I wonder Monsieur *Fastidius* comes not! but *Notarie*, if thou please to draw the Indentures the while, I will giue thee the *Theorie*.

Not. VVith all my heart Sir; and i'le fall in hand with 'hem presently.

Punt. VVell then, first; the *Summe* is to be vnderstood.

Not. Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our seuerall *Appellations*, and *Character* of my Dog and Cat must be knowne: shew him the Cat Sirrah.

Not. So sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended *Point*, is the Turkes Court in *Constantinople*: the Time limited for our returne, a yeere: and that if either of vs miscarrie, the whole Venter is lost. These are Generall; conceiu'st thou? or if either of vs turne *Turque*.

Not. I Sir.

Pun. Now for Particulars: that I may make my trauailes by

Sea or *Land* for my best liking: and that (hiring a Coach for my selfe) it shall be lawfull for my Cat and Dog to ride with me in the said Coach.

Not. Very good Sir.

Punt. That I may choose to giue my Dogge or Cat Fish, for feare of Bones, or any other Nutriment, that (by the judgement of the most Autenticall *Physicians* where I trauaile) shall be thought dangerous.

Not. VVell Sir.

Pun. That (after the receit of his mony) he shall neither in his own person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect meanes; as *Magique*, *Witchcraft*, or other such *Exoticke* Arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing, to the prejudice of Mee, my Dog, or my Cat: Neither shall I vse the helpe of any such Sorceries or Enchantments; as Vnctions, to make our skins impenetrable, or to trauaile inuisible by vertue of a Pouder, or a Ring, or to hang any three forked Charme about my Dogs neck, secretly conuey'd into his Collar: vnderstand you? but that all bee performed, sincerely, without fraud or Imposture.

Not. So sir.

Punt. That (for testimonie of the Performance) my selfe am to bring thence a Turks *Mustachio*, my Dog a Hares lip, and my Cat the traine or taile of a Rat.

Not. 'Tis done Sir.

Punt. 'Tis said Sir, not done sir; but forward. That vpon my returne and landing on the Tower wharfe with the aforesaid Testimonie, I am to receiue fiue for one, according to the proportion of the summes put forth.

Not. VVell Sir.

Punt. Prouided, that if before our departure or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sickness or any other casuall euent, so that the whole course of the *Aduenture* bee hindred thereby; that then, Hee is to returne, and I am to receiue the prenominated Proportion, vpon faire and equall tearmes.

Not. Very good sir; is this all?

Punt. It is all Sir; and dispatch them good *Notarie.*

Not. As fast as is possible Sir. *Exit.* *Enter Carlo.*

Punt. O *Carlo*, welcome: saw you Monsieur *Briske?*

Carl. Not I, did he appoint you to meet here?

Punt. I, and I muse he should be so tardie: hee is to take an hundred pounds of me in venter, if he maintaine his promise.

Car. Is his houre past?

Punt. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Carl. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will sooner breake all the ten Commaundements, than his Houre; vpon my life in such a case trust him.

Punt. Me thinkes *Carlo*, you looke very smooth? ha?

Carl. VVhy I come but now from a Hothouse, I must needs looke smooth.

Punt. From a Hothouse?

Carl. I, doe you make a wonder on't? why it's your onely *Phisicke.* Let a man sweat once a weeke in a Hothouse, and be well rubd and froted with a good plumpe juicie wench, and sweet Linnen, he shall ne're ha' the Poxe.

Punt. VVhat? the *French* Poxe?

Carl. The *French* Poxe? our Poxe: S'bloud we haue 'hem in as good forme as they may: what?

Punt. Let me perish, but thou art a Villaine: was your new-created Gallant there with you? *Sogliardo?*

Carl. O *Porpuse*, hang him, no: hee's a Lieger at *Hornes* Ordinarie yonder: his villanous *Ganimede* and hee ha' ben droning a *Tabacco* Pipe there, euer sin' yesterday noone.

Punt. VVho? Signior *Tripartite*, that would giue my Dogge the *Whiffe?*

Carl. I, hee: they haue hir'd a chamber and all priuat to practise in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit Reciprocall*, and a number of other mysteries, not yet extant. I brought some dosen or twentie Gallants this morning to view 'hem (as you'ld doe a piece of *Perspectiue*) in at a key-hole; and there we might see *Sogliardo* sit in a Chaire, holding his snowt vp like a Sow vnder an Apple-tree, while th'other open'd his Nostrills with a

Poking-sticke, to giue the smoake a more free deliuerie. They had spit some three or fourescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore we came away.

Punt. How! spit three or fourescore ounces?

Carl. I, and preseru'd it in Porrengers, as a Barber does his Blood when he pricks a veine.

Punt. Out *Pagan*; how dost thou pricke the Vaine of thy (friend?

Carl. Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i' the world? ha? S'lid I ne're rellisht it yet.

Punt. Thy Humor is the more daungerous.

Carl. No not a whit Signior: Tut, a man must keepe time in all: I can oyle my tongue when I meet him next, and looke with a good slicke forehead; 'twill take away all soyle of *Suspicion*, and that's inough: what *Lynceus* can see my heart? Pish, the title of a *Friend*, it's a vaine idle thing, onely venerable among fooles: you shall not haue one that has any opinion of wit affect it.

Enter Deliro and Macilente.

Deli. Saue you good sir *Puntarvolo*.

Punt. Signior *Deliro*! welcome.

Deli. Pray you sir, did you see Master *Fastidius Briske*? I heard he was to meet your VVorship here.

Punt. You heard no Figment sir, I doe expect him euery minute my VVatch strikes.

Deli. In good time sir.

Carl. There's a fellow now, lookes like one of the *Patricians* of *Sparta*, mary his wit 's after ten i' the hundred. A good Bloud-hound, a close mouth'd Dog, hee followes the sent well, marrie hee 's at a fault now me thinkes.

Punt. I should wonder at that Creature is free from the daunger of thy tongue.

Carl. O I cannot abide these limmes of Sattin, or rather *Sathan* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darkenesse) all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of Blankes, readie to swallow vp as many poore vnthrifts, as come within the verge.

Punt. So: and what hast thou for him that is with him now?

Car. O (Damne mee) *Immortalitie*, Ile not meddle with him, the pure *Element* of *Fire*, all *Spirit*, *Extraction*.

Punt. How *Carlo*? ha, what is he man?

Carl. A ſcholler, *Macilente*, doe you not know him? a lanke raw-bon'd *Anatomie*, he walks vp and down like a charg'd Muſket, no man dares encounter him: that's his Reſt there.

Punt. His Reſt? why has he a forked head?

Carl. Pardon me, that's to be ſuſpended, you are too quicke, too apprehenſiue.

Deli. Troth (now I thinkt on't) Ile defer it til ſome other time.

Maci. Gods-pretious, not by any meanes Signior, you ſhall not looſe this opportunitie, he will be here preſently now.

Deli. Yes faith *Macilente*, 'tis beſt. For looke you ſir, I ſhall ſo exceedingly offend my wife in't, that——

Mac. Your wife? now for ſhame looſe theſe thoughts, and become the maſter of your own ſpirits. Should I (if I had a wife) ſuffer my ſelf to be thus paſsionatly caried (to and fro) with the ſtreame of her Humor? and neglect my deepeſt affairs, to ſerue her affections? Sbloud I would geld my ſelfe firſt.

Deli. O but Signior, had you ſuch a wife as mine is, you wold——

Mac. Such a wife? Now God hate mee ſir, if euer I diſcern'd any wonder in your wife yet, with all the *Speculation* I haue: I haue ſeen ſome that ha' ben thought fairer thã ſhe, in my time; and I haue ſeen thoſe, ha' not been altogether ſo tall, eſteem'd proper women; and I haue ſeen leſſe Noſes grow vpon ſweeter Faces, that haue done very well too in my judgement: but in good faith Signior for al this, the Gentlewoman is a good prettie prowd hard-fauour'd thing, marry not ſo peerleſſely to bee doted vpon, I muſt confeſſe: nay be not angrie.

Deli. VVell ſir (how euer you pleaſe to forget your ſelfe) I haue not deſeru'd to be thus plai'd vpon, but henceforth, pray you forbear my houſe, for I can but faintly endure the ſauor of his breath at my table, that ſhal thus jade me for my courteſies.

Mac. Nay then Signior, let me tell you, your wife is no proper woman by *Ieſu*, and I ſuſpect her honeſtie, that's more, which you may likewiſe ſuſpect (if you pleaſe:) do you ſee? Ile

vrge

vrge you to nothing againſt your appetite, but if you pleaſe, you may ſuſpect it.

Deli. Good ſir. *Exit.*

Mac. Good ſir? Now Horne vpon Horne purſue thee, thou blind egregious Dotard.

Carl. O you ſhall heare him ſpeake like Enuie. Signior *Macilente*, you ſaw Mounſieur *Briske* lately? I heard you were with him at the Court.

Maci. I *Buffone*, I was with him.

Carl. And how is he reſpected there? (I know youle deale ingeniouſly with us) is he made of amongſt the ſweeter ſort of gallants?

Mac. Faith I, his *Ciuet* and his *caſling glaſſe*,
Haue helpt him to a place amongſt the reſt,
And there his *Seniors* giue him good ſleight lookes,
After their Garbe, ſmile, and ſalute in French
VVith ſome new complement.

Carl. VVhat is this all?

Mac. VVhy ſay, that they ſhould ſhew the frothie foole,
Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.
VVhy all their *Graces* are not to doe Grace
To vertue, or deſert: but to ride both
VVith their guilt Spurres quite breathleſſe from themſelues.
'Tis now eſteem'd *Preciſianiſme* in wit;
And a Diſeaſure in *Nature* to be kind
Toward Deſert, to Loue, or ſeeke good Names:
VVho feeds with a Good name? who thriues with longing?
VVho can prouide feaſt for his owne deſires,
VVith ſeruing others? ha, ha, ha:
'Tis follie by our wiſeſt worldlings prou'd
(If not to gaine by loue) to be belou'd.

Carl. How like you him? is't not a good ſpightfull ſlaue? ha?

Punt. Shrewd, ſhrewd.

Car. Dam me, I could eat his fleſh now: Deuine ſweet villain.

Mac. Nay, pr'y thee leaue: what's he there?

Carl. VVho?

Carl. VVho? this i' the ſtarcht Beard? it's the dull ſtiffe Knight *Puntarvolo* man; hee's to trauaile now preſently: hee has a good knottie wit, marry hee carries little on't out of the land with him.

Mac. How then?

Carl. He puts it forth in venter, as he does his money; vpon the returne of a Dog and Cat.

Mac Is this hee?

Car. I, this is hee; a good tough Gentleman: hee looks like a Chine of Brawne at *Shrouetide*, out of date, & readie to take his leaue: or a drie Poule of Ling vpon *Eaſter-eue*, that has furniſht the Table all *Lent*, as hee has done the Cittie this laſt *Vacation*.

Maci. Come, you'le neuer leaue your ſtabbing *Simile's*: I ſhall ha' you aiming at me with hem by and by, but——

Carl. O, renounce me then: pure, honeſt, good *Deuill*, I loue thee aboue the loue of women: I could e'ne melt in Admiration of thee now: Gods ſo', looke here man; Sir *Dagonet* and his Squire. *Enter Sog. and Shift.*

Sog. Saue you my deare *Gallanto's*: nay, come approach, good *Caualier*: pr'y thee (ſweet Knight) know this Gentleman, hee's one that it pleaſes me to vſe as my good friend and companion; and therefore doe him good offices: I beſeech you Gentles, know him.

Punt. Sir (for Signior *Sogliardos* ſake) let it ſuffice, I know you.

Sog. VVhy by Ieſu, I thanke you Knight, and it ſhall ſuffice. Hearke you ſir *Puntarvolo*, you'ld little thinke it; hee's as reſolute a peece of fleſh as any's i' the world.

Punt. Indeed ſir?

Sog. Vpon my Gentilitie ſir: *Carlo*, a word with you; Doe you ſee that ſame fellow there?

Carl. VVhat? *Caualier Shift*?

Sog. O, you know him; crie you mercie: before God, I think him the talleſt man liuing within the walls of *Europe*.

Carl. The walls of *Europe*! take heed what you ſay Signior, *Europe's* a huge thing within the walls.

Sog. Tut, (and 'twere as huge againe) I'ld juſtifie what I

ſpeake.

ſpeake. S'lid he ſwagger'd e'en now in a place where we were: I neuer ſaw a man doe it more reſolute.

Carl. Nay indeed ſwaggering is a good *Argument* of *Reſolution*, Doe you heare this, Signior?

Mac. I, to my greefe. O that ſuch muddie Flags
For euery drunken flouriſh, ſhould atchieue
The name of *Manhood*; whil'ſt true perfect Valour
(Hating to ſhew it ſelfe) goes by deſpis'd.
Sbloud, I doe know now (in a faire juſt cauſe)
I dare doe more than hee; a thouſand times:
VVhy ſhould not they take knowledge of this? ha?
And giue my worth allowance before his?
Becauſe I cannot ſwagger. Now the Poxe
Light on your *Pickt-Hatch* proweſſe.

Sog. VVhy I tell you Sir, he has been the onely *Bidſtand* that euer was, kept *New-market*, *Salisburie* Plaine, *Hockley* i' the hole, *Gads-Hill*; all the high places of any Requeſt: hee has had his Mares and his Geldings hee, ha' been worth fortie, threeſcore, a hundred pound a Horſe, would ha' ſprung you ouer hedge and ditch like your Greyhound: hee has done fiue hundred Robberies in his time, more or leſſe, I aſſure you.

Punt. VVhat? and ſcapt?

Sog. Scapt! Yfaith I: he has broken the jayle when hee has been in yrons, and yrons; and been out, and in again; and out, and in; fortie times and not ſo few, he.

Mac. A fit Trumpet to proclaime ſuch a perſon.

Car. But can this be poſsible? (to it.

Shift. VVhy 'tis nothing ſir, when a man giues his Affections

Sog. Good *Pylades* diſcourſe a Robberie or two, to ſatisfie theſe Gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift, Pardon mee my deare *Oreſtes*: Cauſes haue their *Quiddits*, and 'tis ill jeſting with Bell-ropes.

Carl. How? *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*? (conceit?

Sog. I, he is my *Pylades*, and I am his *Oreſtes*: how like you the

Carl. O, it's an old ſtale Enterlude deuiſe: No, I'le giue you Names my ſelfe: looke you, he ſhall be your *Iudas*, and you ſhal

be his *Elder* tree to hang on.

Mac. Nay rather, let him be Captaine *Pod*, and this his *Motion*; for he does nothing but Shew him.

Carl. Excellent: or thus; you shal be *Holden*, & he your *Camell*.

Shift. You do not meane to ride Gentlemen?

Punt. Faith let me end it for you Gallants: you shall be his *Countenance*, and he your *Resolution*.

Sog. Troth that's prettie: how say you *Caualier*, shalt be so?

Carl. I, I, most voices.

Shift. Faith I am eas'ly yeelding to any good Impressions.

Sog. Then giue hands good *Resolution*.

Carl. Masse he cannot say good *Countenance* now (properly) to him againe.

Punt. Yes, by an *Ironie*.

Mac. O sir, the countenance of *Resolution* should, as hee's altogether grim and vnpleasant. *Enter Briske.*

Fast. Good houres make Musicke with your mirth Gentlemen, and keepe times to your humors: how now *Carlo*?

Punt. Mounsieur *Briske*! many a long looke haue I extended for you sir.

Fast. Good faith I must craue pardon; I was inuited this morning ere I was out of my bedde, by a Beuie of Ladies, to a Banquet: whence it was almost one of *Hercules* Labors for me to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so preuaile with mee: I know they'le take it very ill, especially one that gaue mee this Bracelet of her Haire but ouer night, and this Pearle another gaue me from her forehead, Mary she—— what? are the writings readie?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the *Notaries*, and learne if he be readie: leaue the Dog sir.

Exit Seruingman.

Fast. And how does my rare qualified friend *Sogliardo*? oh Signior *Macilente*! by these eyes I saw you not, I had saluted you sooner else on my troth: I hope sir I may presume vpon you, that you will not divulge my late checke, or disgrace indeed sir.

Mac. You may ſir.

Car. S'heart hee knowes ſome notorious jeſt by this Gull, that he hath him ſo obſequious.

Sog. Mounſieur *Faſtidius*, doe you ſee this fellow there? does hee not looke like a Clowne? would you thinke there's any thing in him?

Faſt. Any thing in him? beſhrow mee, I; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this Element, hee is an ingenious tall man as euer ſwaggerd about *London*: hee and I call *Countenance & Reſolution*, but his name is *Caualier Shift*.

Punt. *Caualier*, you knew Signior *Clog*, that was hang'd for the robberie at *Harrow* on the hill?

Sog. Knew him Sir! why 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the Action.

Punt. How? was't your Project ſir?

Shift. Pardon mee *Countenance*, you doe mee ſome wrong to make that publicke, which I imparted to you in priuat.

Sog. Gods will, here are none but friends *Reſolution*.

Shift. That's all one; things of Conſequence muſt haue their reſpects, where, how, and to whom. Yes ſir, he ſhewed himſelfe a true Clogge in the Coherence of that affaire ſir; for if he had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a fortie or fiftie ſcore of pounds ſir, and hee himſelfe might ha' liu'd (in deſpight of Fate) to haue fed on *Woodcockes* with the reſt: but it was his heauie fortunes to ſinke poore *Clog*, and therefore talke no more of him.

Punt. VVhy, had he more Agents then?

Sog. O God ſir; I, there were ſome preſent there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him yfaith.

Shift. I ſir, I can ſatisfie you at more conuenient conference: but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconcil'd my ſelfe to other courſes, and profeſſe a liuing out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, he has left all now (I aſſure you) and is able to liue like a Gentleman by his Qualitie. By this Dog, he has the moſt rare gift in *Tabacco* that euer you knew.

Carl. S'heart, he keepes more adoe with this Monſter, than euer *Bankes* did with his Horſe, or the Fellow with the *Elephant*.

Mac. Hee will hang out his Picture ſhortly in a cloath, you ſhall ſee.

Sog. O, hee do's manage a quarrell the beſt that euer you ſaw, for Termes and Circumſtances.

Faſt. Good faith Signior (now you ſpeake of a quarrell) Ile acquaint you with a difference that happened betweene a Gallant and my ſelfe: ſir *Puntarvolo*, you know him if I ſhould name him; Signior *Luculento*.

Punt. Luculento! what inauſpicious chaunce interpos'd it ſelfe betwixt your two loues?

Faſt. Faith ſir, the ſame that ſundred *Agamemnon* and great *Thetis* ſon; but let the cauſe eſcape Sir: He ſent me a challenge (mixt with ſome few braues) which I reſtor'd, and in fine we met. Now indeed Sir (I muſt tell you) he did offer at firſt very deſperately, but without judgement: for looke you ſir. I caſt my ſelfe into this figure: now he, comes violently on, and withall advancing his Rapier to ſtrike, I thought to haue tooke his arme (for he had left his whole bodie to my election, and I was ſure hee could not recouer his guard) Sir, I miſt my purpoſe in his arme, raſht his doublet ſleeue, ran him cloſe by the left cheeke, and through his haire: He againe lights me here, I had a gold Cable hatband then new come vp, (which I wore about a murrey French Hat I had) cuts my Hatband (and yet it was Maſsie, gold-Smithes worke) cuts my brimmes, which by good fortune (being thicke embrodered with gold twiſt, and Spangles) diſappointed the force of the blow: Neuertheleſſe it graz'd on my ſhoulders, takes me away ſixe purles of an Italian cutworke Band I wore, coſt me three pounds in the Exchange but three daies before.

Punt. This was a ſtraunge encounter.

Faſtid. Nay you ſhall heare ſir, with this we both fell out and breath'd: Now (vpon the ſecond ſigne of his aſſault) I betooke mee to the former manner of my defence; hee (on the other ſide) abandon'd his bodie to the ſame daunger as

before,

before, and followes me ſtill with blowes. But I (being loth to take the deadly aduantage that lay before me of his left ſide) made a kind of *ſtramazoun*, ran him vp to the hilts, through the Doublet, through the Shirt, and yet miſt the skin. He (making a reuerſe blow) falls vpon my emboſſ'd girdle (I had thrown off the hangers a little before) ſtrikes off a skirt of a thick lac't ſattin Doublet I had (lin'd with ſome four Taffataes) cuts off two panes embrodered with Pearle, rents through the drawings out of Tiſſew, enters the linings, and skips the fleſh.

Carl. I wonder he ſpeakes not of his wrought Shirt.

Faſt. Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) we paus'd: but (ere I proceed) I muſt tell you Signior, that (in this laſt encounter) not hauing leiſure to put off my ſiluer Spurres, one of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my Boot, and (being Spaniſh leather, and ſubiect to teare) ouerthrowes me, rends me two paire of ſilke ſtockings (that I put on being ſomwhat a raw morning, a Peach colour and another) and ſtrikes me ſome halfe inch deep into the ſide of the Calfe: He (ſeeing the bloud come) preſently takes horſe and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a piece of my wrought Shirt)

Car. O comes it there?

Faſt. Rid after him, & (lighting at the Court gate both together) embrac'd and marcht hand in hand vp into the Preſence.

Mac. VVell, by this we can geſſe what apparell the Gentleman wore.

Punt. 'Fore God it was a deſignment begun with much reſolution, maintain'd with as much proweſſe, & ended with more humanitie. How now, what ſayes he?

His ſeruingman enters.

Seruing. The *Notarie* ſaies he is ready ſir, he ſtayes but your VVorſhips pleaſure.

Punt. Come, we will go to him Monſieur. Gentlemen, ſhall we entreat you to be witneſſes.

Sog. You ſhall entreat me ſir, come *Reſolution*.

Shift. I follow you good *Countenance*.

Carl. Come Signior, come, come.

Maci. O, that there ſhould be fortune
To cloath theſe men, ſo naked in deſert,
And that the iuſt Storme of a wretched life,
Beats 'hem not ragged for their wretched Soules,
And ſince as fruitleſſe, euen as black as coles. *Exit.*

GREX.

Mit. VVhy but Signior, how comes it that *Fungoſo* appear'd not with his ſiſters intelligence to *Briske.*

Cord. Marrie long of the euill Angels that ſhee gaue him, who haue indeed tempted the good ſimple youth to follow the taile of the Faſhion, and neglect the impoſition of his friends. Behold, here he comes, very worſhipfully attended, and with good varietie.

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter Fungoſo with Taylor, Shoe-maker, and Haberdaſher.

Fung. Gramercie good Shoe-maker, I'le put too ſtrings my ſelfe. *Exit Shoe-maker.*

Now ſir, let me ſee, what muſt you haue for this Hat?

Haber. Here's the Bill, Sir.

Fung. How doeſt become me, well?

Tayl. Excellent ſir, as euer you had any Hat in your life.

Haber. Nay faith ſir, the Hat's as good as any man i'this town can ſerue you. And will maintaine Faſhion as long, ne're truſt me for a groat elſe.

Fung. Does it apply well to my Sute?

Tay. Exceeding well ſir.

Fung. How lik'ſt thou my Sute Haberdaſher?

Hab. By my troth ſir 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer ſaw a Sute ſit better I can tell on.

Tay. Nay, we haue no Art to pleaſe our friends, we.

Fung. Here Haberdaſher, tell this ſame.

Hab. Good faith ſir, it makes you haue an excellent body.

Fung. Nay (beleeue me) I thinke I haue as good a body in cloaths as another.

Tay. You lack points to bring your apparell togither.

Fung. I'le

Fung. I'le haue points anon: how now? is't right?

Hab. Faith Sir 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes. Good morrow to you Sir. *Exit Haberdasher.*

Fung. Farewell good Haberdasher; well now master *Snip* let me see your Bill.

GREX.

Mit. Me thinkes he discharges his followers too thicke.

Cor. O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you though hee turnes off them, he keepes this Taylor in place of a Page to follow him.

Fung. This Bill is very reasonable in faith: hearke you Master *Snip*, Troth Sir I am not altogither so well furnisht at this present, as I could wish I were: but—If you'le doe me the fauour to take part in hand, you shall haue all I haue by *Iesu*.

Tay. Sir—

Fung. And but giue me credit for the rest, till the beginning of the next Tearme.

Tay. O Lord Sir—

Fung. Fore God and by this light I'le pay you to the vtmost, and acknowledge my selfe very deepely engag'd to you by this hand.

Tay. VVhy how much haue you there Sir?

Fung. Mary I haue here foure Angels, and fifteen shillings of white money, it's all I haue as 'hope to be sau'd.

Tay. You will not faile me at the next Tearme with the rest.

Fung. No and I doe, pray God I be hang'd. Let me neuer breath againe vpon this mortall Stage, as the Philosopher calls it. By this aire, and (as I am a Gentleman) I'le hold.

GREX.

Cor. Hee were an yron-hearted fellow in my judgement, that would not credite him upon these monstrous oathes.

Tay. VVell Sir, I'le not sticke with any Gentleman for a trifle: you know what 'tis remaines?

Fung. I Sir, and I giue you thankes in good faith; O God, how happie am I made in this good fortune. VVell, now I'le goe

seeke

seeke out Monsieur *Briske*. Gods so, I haue forgot Ribband for my shoes, and points. S'lid what lucke's this? how shall I doe? Master *Snippe*, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings for Points and Ribband, by Iesu I haue vtterly disfurnisht my selfe in the default of memorie; pray, le' me be beholding to you, it shall come home i'the Bill beleeue me.

Tay. Faith sir, I can hardly depart with money, but i'le take vp and send you some by my boy presently. VVhat colour'd Ribband would you haue? (Sute.

Fun. VVhat you shal think meet i'your judgement Sir to my

Tay. VVell, i'le send you some presently.

Fun. And points too sir?

Tay. And points too sir. *Exit Taylor.*

Fun. Good Lord, how shall I studie to deserue this kindnesse of you sir. Pray let your youth make hast, for I should haue done a businesse an houre since, that I doubt I shall come too late. Now in good truth I am exceedingly proud of my Sute. *Exit.*

GREX.

Cord. Doe you obserue the plunges that this poore Gallant is put too (Signior) to purchase the Fashion.

Mit. I, and to be still a Fashion behind the world, that's the sport.

Cord. Stay: O here they come from *Seal'd and deliuer'd.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius Briske, seruingmen with the Dog.

Punt. VVell, now my whole venter is forth, I will resolue to depart shortly.

Fast. Faith sir *Puntarvolo* goe to the Court, and take leaue of the Ladies first.

Pun. I care not if it be this afternoons labor: where is *Carlo*?

Fast. Here he comes.

Enter Carlo, Sogliardo, Shift, and Macilente.

Carl. Faith Gallants, I am persuading this Gentleman to turne Courtier, he is a man of faire Reuenew, and his estate will beare the charge well, besides for his other gifts of the mind,

or

or so, why, they are as Nature lent him 'hem, pure, simple, without any *Artificiall* drug or mixture of these two thredbare beggerly qualities, *Learning* and *Knowledge*, and therefore the more *accommodate* and *Genuine*. Now for the life it selfe---

Fast. O, the most *Celestiall*, and full of woonder and delight that can be imagin'd Signior, beyond all thought and apprehension of Pleasure. A man liues there in that diuine *Rapture*, that he will think himselfe i'the third Heauen for the time, and loose all sence of Mortalitie whatsoeuer; when he shall behold such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare such Angelicall and Harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and *Ambrosian* spirits, whose wits as suddaine as Lightning, and humorous as *Nectar*; Oh: it makes a man all *Quintessence* and *Flame*, and liftes him vp (in a moment) to the very Christall Crowne o'the skie, where (houering in the strength of his *Imagination*) he shall behold all the delights of the *Hesperides*, the *Insulæ Fortunatæ*, *Adonis* gardens, *Tempe*, or what else (confin'd within the amplest verge of *Poesie*) to be meere *Vmbræ* and imperfect Figures, conferr'd with the most essentiall felicitie of your Court.

Mac. VVel, this ENCOMION was not extemporall, it came too perfectly off.

Car. Besides sir, you shall neuer need to go to a Hothouse, you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or loosing your money at *Primero*, as well as in all the Stoues in Flaunders. Mary this Sir, you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong perfume about you, that your mistresse Dog may smell you out amongst the rest; and (in making loue to her) neuer feare to be out: for you may haue a pipe of *Tabacco*, or a base *Violl* shall hang o'the wall of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your *Resolution* has taught you in *Tabacco*, (the VVhiffe, and those sleights) will stand you in very good Ornament there?

Fast. I, to some perhaps: but, and hee should come to my Mistresse with *Tabacco* (this Gentleman knowes) shee'ld reply vpon him yfaith. Oh (by this bright Sunne) shee has the most acute, ready, and facetious wit, that — tut there's no spirit able

to ſtand her. You can report it Signior, you haue ſeene her?

Punt. Then can he report no leſſe out of his judgement, I aſſure him.

Maci. 'Troth I like her well enough, but ſhee's too ſelfe-conceited me thinkes.

Faſt. I indeed, ſhee's a little too ſelfe-conceited, and 'twere not for that Humor, ſhe were the moſt to be admir'd Ladie in the world.

Punt. Indeed it is a Humor that takes from her other excellencies.

Mac. why it may eaſily be made to forſake her in my thought.

Faſt. Eaſily Sir? then are all impoſsibilities eaſie.

Mac. You conclude too quicke vpon me Signior, what will you ſay if I make it ſo conſpicuouſly appeare now, that your ſelfe ſhall confeſſe nothing more poſsible.

Faſt. Mary I will ſay, *I will both applaud you, and admire you for it.*

Punt. And I will ſecond him.

Mac. VVhy I'le ſhew you Gentlemen; *Carlo*, come hither.

Macilente, Carlo, Puntarvolo, and Briske, whiſper.

Sog. Good faith I haue a great Humor to the Court, what thinkes my *Reſolution*, ſhall I aduenture?

Shift. Troth *Countenance*, as you pleaſe; the Place is a place of good *Reputation* and *Capacitie*.

Sog. O my trickes in *Tabacco* (as *Carlo* ſayes) will ſhew excellent there.

Shift. VVhy you may goe with theſe Gentlemen now, and ſee faſhions; and after, as you ſhall ſee Correſpondence.

Sog. You ſay true. You will goe with me *Reſolution*?

Shift. I will meet you *Countenance*, about three or foure of clocke, but, to ſay to goe with you I cannot; for (as I am *Apple Iohn*) I am to goe before the *Cocatrice* you ſaw this morning, and therefore pray, preſent me excus'd good *Countenance*.

Sog. Farewell good *Reſolution*, but faile not to meet.

Shift. As I liue.

They breake ſilence. *Exit Shift.*

Punt. Admirably exeellent.

Mac. If

Mac. If you can but perſuade *Sogliardo* to the Court, there's all now.

Carl. O let me alone, that's my taske.

Faſt. Now by Ieſu *Macilente*, it's aboue meaſure excellent: 'twill be the onely Courtly exploit that euer proou'd Courtier ingenious.

Punt. Vpon my ſoule it puts the Lady quite out of her Humor, and we ſhall laugh with judgement.

Carl. Come, the Gentleman was of himſelfe reſolu'd to goe with you, afore I moou'd it.

Mac. VVhy then gallants, you two and *Carlo* go afore to prepare the jeſt: *Sogliardo* and I will come ſome while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the Court.

Punt. That's true; *Carlo* comes not at the Court indeed: well, you ſhall leaue it to the *faculties* of Monſieur *Briske*, & my ſelfe; vpon our lines wee will manage it happily. *Carlo* ſhall beſpeake Supper at the Mitre againſt wee come backe: where wee will meet, and dimple our cheekes with laughter at the ſucceſſe.

Carl. I, but will you all promiſe to come?

Punt. My ſelfe ſhall *manfrede* it for them: he that failes, let his Reputation lye vnder the laſh of thy tongue.

Carl. Gods ſo', looke who comes here?

Enter Fungoſo.

Sog. VVhat, Nephew?

Fung. Vncle, God ſaue you; did you ſee a Gentleman, one Monſieur *Briske*? a Courtier, he goes in ſuch a Sute as I doe.

Sog. Here is the Gentleman Nephew, but not in ſuch a Sute.

Fung. Another Sute! *He Swoones.*

Sog. How now Nephew?

Faſt. VVould you ſpeake to me Sir?

Carl. I, when he has recouer'd himſelfe: poore Poll.

Punt. Some *Roſa-ſolis*.

Mac. How now Signior?

Fung. I am not well Sir.

Mac. VVhy this it is, to dog the Faſhion.

Carl. Nay come Gentlemen, remember your affaires; his

disease is nothing but the *Fluxe* of Apparell.

Punt. Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the Cat safe; I'le be the Dogs *Guardian* my selfe. *Exeunt Seruingmen.*

Sog. Nephew, will you goe to the Court with vs; these Gentlemen and I are for the Court: nay be not so Melancholly.

Fun. By Gods lid I thinke no man in Christendome has that rascally fortune that I haue.

Maci. Faith your Sute is well enough Signior.

Fun. Nay, not for that I protest; but I had an errand to Monsieur *Fastidius*, and I haue forgot it.

Maci. Why goe along to the Court with vs, and remember it, come. Gentlemen, you three take one Boat, and *Sogliardo* and I will take another: we shall be there instantly.

Fast. Content: good Sir vouchsafe vs your pleasance.

Punt. Farewell *Carlo*; remember.

Carl. I warrant you: would I had one of *Kempes* shooes to throw after you.

Punt. Good Fortune will close the eyes of our jest, feare not: and we shall frollick. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Mit. This *Macilente* Signior, begins to be more sociable on a suddaine me thinkes, than he was before, there's some Portent in't, I beleeue.

Cord. O hee's a fellow of a straunge Nature. Now do's he (in this calme of his Humor) plot and store vp a world of malicious thoughts in his braine, till he is so full with 'hem, that you shall see the very Torrent of his Enuie breake forth, and against the course of all their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that you will almost haue woonder to thinke how 'tis possible the current of their Dispositions shall receiue so quick and strong an alteration.

Mit. I marry sir, this is that on which my Expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you Signior (though I was loth to interrupt the Scene) yet I made it a question in mine owne priuat discourse, how he should properly call it, *Euerie man out of his Humor*, when I saw all his Actors so strongly pur-

sue and continue their Humors?

Cord. VVhy therein his Art appeares most full of lustre, and approcheth neareſt the life, especially when in the flame and height of their Humors they are laid flat, it fils the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a prowd exalted tree lopt and cut downe by degrees, when it might be feld in a moment? and to set the Axe to it, before it came to that pride & fulnes, were as not to haue it grow.

Mit. VVell I shall long till I see this fall you talke of.

Cord. To helpe your longing, Signior, let your imagination be swifter than a paire of Oares, and by this, suppose *Puntarvolo*, *Briske*, *Fungoso*, and the Dog, arriu'd at the court gate, and going vp to the great chamber. *Macilente* and *Sogliardo*, wee 'le leaue them on the water till Possibilitie and Naturall meanes may land 'hem. Here come the Gallants, now prepare your Expectation.

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog.

Punt. Come Lordings, Signior you are sufficiently instructed.

Fast. VVho I sir?

Punt. No, this Gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog, he is no competent attendāt for the Presence.

Fast. Masse that's true indeed knight, you must not carrie him into the Presence.

Punt. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one of my Cormorants to attend me.

Fast. VVhy you're best leaue him at the Porters lodge.

Punt. Not so: his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to be forth-comming.

Fast. Slight, how 'll you doe then?

Punt. I must leaue him with one that is ignorant of his qualitie, if I will haue him to be safe. And see; Heres comes one that will carrie coales, *Ergo*, will hold my Dogge. My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this Dog to thy prudent care?

Enter a Groome with a basket.

Groome. You may if you please sir.

Punt. Pray

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne: it shall not be long, till I will Ease thee of thy employment, and Please thee. Forth Gentles.

Fast. VVhy, but will you leaue him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge vpon the fellow?

Punt. Charge? no, there were no pollicie in that; that were to let him know the value of the Gem he holds, & so, to tempt fraile nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy Honestie be sweet and short.

Groome. Yes sir.

Punt. But hearke you Gallants, and cheefely Monsieur *Briske*, VVhen wee come in eye-shot or presence of this Ladie, let not others matters carrie vs from our Project: but (if wee can) single her forth to some place.

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And bee not too suddaine, but let the deuise induce it selfe with good Circumstance: on.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth here be fine hangings.

Exeunt Puntarvolo, Briske, Fungoso.

Groome. Honestie, Sweet and Short? mary it shall sir, doubt you not: for euen at this instant if one would giue me twentie pounds, I would not deliuer him; there's for the Sweet: but now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, hee shall haue him; there's for the Short now. Sbloud, what a mad Humorous Gentleman is this to leaue his Dog with me: I could run away with him now, and he were worth any thing: well, I pray God send him quickly againe. *Enter Macilente and Sogliardo.*

Mac. Come on Signior, now prepare to Court this All-witted Ladie, most Naturally and like your selfe.

Sog. Faith and you say the word, Ile begin to her in *Tabacco*.

Maci. O, fie on't, no: you shall begin with, *How does my sweet Ladie*; or, *Why are you so melancholly Madame?* though she bee very merrie, it's all one: be sure to kisse your hand often enough; pray for her health, and tell her, how *more than most faire* shee is: Screw your face a t'one side thus, & Protest; let her fleere and looke a skaunce, and hide her Teeth with her Fanne, when

she

ſhe laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter; that's nothing: you muſt talke forward (though it be without ſenſe, ſo it bee without bluſhing) 'tis moſt Courtlike and well.

Sog. But ſhall I not vſe *Tabacco* at all?

Mac. O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath ſuſpected; and that you vſe it onely to confound the rankeneſſe of that.

Sog. Nay, Ile be aduis'd ſir by my friends.

Maci. Gods my life, ſee where ſir *Puntars* Dog is.

Groome. I would the Gentleman would returne for his follower here, Ile leaue him to his fortunes elſe.

Mac. S'heart, 'twere the onely true jeſt in the world to poiſon him now: ha' by Gods will Ile doe it, if I could but get him of the fellow. Signior *Sogliardo*, walke aſide, and think vpon ſome deuiſe to entertaine the Ladie with.

Sog. So I doe ſir. *Sog. walkes off, medit ating.*

Mac. How now mine honeſt friend? whoſe Dog-keeper art thou?

Groome. Dog-keeper ſir? I hope I ſcorne that yfaith.

Mac. VVhy? do'ſt thou not keepe a Dogge?

Groome. Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not: I thinke this bee Sweet and Short: make me his Dog-keeper.

Throwes off the Dog, & Exit.

Maci. This is excellent aboue expectation: nay ſtay ſir, youl'd be trauailing; but Ile giue you a Dramme ſhall ſhorten your voyage: here: ſo ſir, Ile be bold to take my leaue of you: now to the *Turkes* Court in the Deuils name, for you ſhal neuer goe on Gods name [*Kicks him out*] *Sogliardo*, come.

Sog. I ha''t yfaith now, will ſting it.

Maci. Take heed you leeſe it not Signior, ere you come there: preſerue it. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Cor. How like you this firſt exploit of his?

Mit. O, a peece of true Enuie, but I expect the iſſue of the other deuiſe.

Cor. Here they come, will make it appeare.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Puntarvolo, Sauiolina, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso.

Saui. VVhy I thought Sir *Puntarvolo*, you had been gone your Voyage?

Punt. Deare, and most Amiable Ladie, your Diuine Beauties do bind me to those Offices, that I cannot depart when I would

Saui. 'Tis most Courtlike spoken sir; but how might we doe to haue a sight of your Dog and Cat?

Fast. His Dogge's in the Court, Ladie. (sir.

Saui. And not your Cat? how dare you trust her behind you

Punt. Troth Madame she hath sore eyes, and shee dooth keepe her Chamber: marry I haue left her vnder sufficient guard: there are two of my Hinds to attend her. (go sir?

Saui. Ile giue you some VVater for her eyes: when doe you

Punt. Certes sweet Ladie, I know not.

Fast. He doth stay the rather Madame, to present your *Acute* judgement with so Courtly, and well-Parted a Gentleman, as yet your Ladiship hath neuer seene. (man?

Saui. VVhat's he, gentle Mounsieur *Briske*? not that Gentle-

Fast. No Ladie, this is a Kinsman of Iustice *Silence*.

Punt. Pray' sir, giue me leaue to report him: hee's a Gentleman (Ladie) of that rare and admirable *facultie*, as (I protest) I know not his like in *Europe*: he is exceedingly Valiant, an excellent Scholler, and so exactly trauail'd, that hee is able in discourse, to deliuer you a *Modell* of any Princes Court in the world: 'speakes the Languages with that puritie of *Phrase*, and facilitie of *Accent*, that it breeds astonishment: his VVit, the most Exuberant, and (aboue wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the concaue of this eare. (man.

Fast. Tis most true Ladie; mary he is no such excellēt proper

Punt. His Trauailes haue chang'd his complexion, Madame.

Saui. O sir *Puntarvolo*, you must thinke euery man was not borne to haue my Seruant *Briskes* feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, Ladie; he dooth so Peerlessely imitate any manner of person for Gesture, Action, Passion, or what euer——

Fast. I,

Fast. I, especially a Rusticke or a Clowne Madame, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted wit (in the world) to discerne any sparkes of the Gentleman in him, when hee does it.

Saui. O Mounsieur *Briske*, be not so Tyranous to confine all VVits within the compasse of your owne: Not find the sparkes of a Gentleman in him, if he be a Gentleman?

Fun. No in truth (sweet Ladie) I beleeue you cannot.

Saui. Do you beleeue so? why I can find sparkes of a Gentleman in you sir.

Punt. I, he is a Gentleman Madame, and a Reueller.

Fun. Indeed I think I haue seen your Ladiship at our Reuels.

Saui. Like inough sir: but would I might see this wonder you talke of: may one haue a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

Punt. Yes Madam, he will arriue presently.

Saui. VVhat, and shall we see him Clowne it?

Fast. I faith (sweet Ladie) that you shall: see here he comes.

Enter Macilente with Sogliardo.

Punt. This is he; pray obserue him Ladie.

Saui. Beshrew me, he Clownes it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, marke his Courtship. *(Slie? hat*

Sog. How dos my sweet Ladie; *hote and moist? Beautifull and lu-*

Saui. Beautifull and it please you sir, but not *lustie.*

Sog. O ho Ladie; it pleases you to say so in truth: and how does my sweet Ladie; in health? *Bona roba, que so? que Novelles? que Novelles?* Sweet creature.

Saui. O excellent: why Gallants, is this hee that cannot be Decipher'd? they were very bleare-witted y faith that could not discerne the Gentleman in him.

Punt. But doe you, in earnest Ladie?

Saui. Doe I sir? why if you had any true Court-iudgement in the carriage of his eye, and that inward powre that formes his countenance, you might perceiue his counterfaiting as cleere as the noone day: Alas, Nay if you would haue tried my VVit indeed, you should neuer haue told mee he was a Gentleman, but presented him for a true Clowne indeed; and then haue seene if I could haue Decipher'd him.

Fast. Fore God, her Ladiſhip ſaies true (Knight:) but does he not affect the Clowne moſt naturally, Miſtreſſe?

Punt. O, ſhee cannot but affirme that, out of the Bountie of her Iudgement.

Saui. Nay out of doubt hee does well, for a Gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his Naturall carriage of the Gentleman, much better than his Clownerie.

Fast. 'Tis ſtraunge in truth, her Ladiſhip ſhould ſee ſo farre into him.

Punt. I, is't not.

Saui. Faith as eaſily as may be: not Decipher him, quoth you?

Fung. Good ſadneſſe, I wonder at it.

Mac. VVhy, has ſhe Decipher'd him, Gentlemen?

Punt. O moſt miraculouſly, and beyond Admiration.

Mac. Is't poſsible?

Fast. Shee hath giuen moſt infallible ſignes of the Gentleman in him, that's certaine.

Saui. VVhy Gallants, let mee laugh at you a little: was this your deuiſe, to trie my judgement in a Gentleman?

Maci. Nay Ladie, doe not ſcorne vs, though you haue this gift of *Perſpicacie* aboue others: VVhat if he ſhould be no Gentleman now, but a Clowne indeed Ladie?

Punt. How thinke you of that? would not your Ladiſhip be out of your Humor?

Fast. O, but ſhe knowes it is not ſo.

Saui. VVhat if he were not a man, yee may as well ſay? nay if your VVorſhips could Gull mee ſo indeed, you were wiſer than you are taken for.

Maci. In good faith Ladie, he is a very perfect Clowne, both by Father and Mother, that Ile aſſure you.

Saui. O Sir, you are very pleaſurable.

Maci. Nay, doe but looke on his Hand, and that ſhall reſolue you: Looke you Ladie, what a Palme here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the Plough.

Maci. The Plough! did you diſcerne any ſuch thing in him Madame?

Fast. Faith no, she saw the Gentleman as bright as at noone-day she: he decipher'd him at first.

Maci. Troth I am sorrie your Ladiships sight should bee so suddainely strooke.

Saui. O, you're goodly Beagles!

Fast. VVhat, is she gone?

Sog. Nay stay sweet Ladie; *Que Novelles, Que Novelles.*

Saui. Out, you foole you. *Exit Saui.*

Fung. Shee's out of her Humor yfaith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot Gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine Honour wee'le make her blush in the Presence: my splene is great with laughter.

Maci. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life I beleeue sir. Come Signior, your lookes are too dejected mee thinkes: why mixe you not mirth with the rest?

Fun. By Gods will this Sute frets me at the Soule. Ile haue it alter'd to morrow sure. *Exeunt.*

Enter Shift.

Shift. I am come to the Court to meet with my *Countenance Sogliardo:* poore men must be glad of such Countenance, when they can get no better. VVel, Need may insult vpon a man, but it shall neuer make him despaire of Consequence: The world will say, 'tis base; tush, base! 'tis base to liue vnder the earth, not base to liue aboue it, by any meanes.

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso, Macilente.

Fast. The poore Ladie is most miserably out of her Humour yfaith.

Punt. There was neuer so wittie a jest broken at the Tilt, of all the Court wits christen'd.

Maci. O, this applause taints it fowly.

Sog. I thinke I did my part in Courting. O *Resolution!*

Punt. Aye me, my Dogge.

Maci. VVhere is hee?

Fast. Gods pretious, go seeke for the fellow, good Signior. *Sends away Fungoso.*

Punt. Here, here I left him.

Maci. VVhy none was here when we came in now, but *Cavalier Shift*, enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see sir *Puntarvolos* Dog here *Cavalier*, since you came?

Shift. His Dog sir? he may looke his Dog sir; I see none of his (Dog sir.

Mac. Vpon my life he hath stolne your Dog sir, and ben hir'd to it by some that haue ventur'd with you; you may gesse by his peremptorie answeres.

Punt. Not vnlike; for he hath been a notorious theefe by his owne confession. Sirrah, where's my Dog?

Shift. Charge me with your Dog sir? I ha' none of your dog sir.

Punt. Villaine, thou lyest.

Shift. Lie sir? S'blood y'are but a man sir.

Punt. Rogue and Theefe, restore him.

Sog. Take heed sir *Puntarvolo* what you doe; hee'le beare no coales I can tell you (of my word.)

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's mar'le he stabs you not: by this Light, he hath stab'd fortie for fortie times lesse matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee stoupe, thou Abject.

Sog. Make him stoupe sir! Gentlemen pacifie him, or hee'le be kill'd.

Mac. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man? if you loue his life stand betwixt 'hem: make him stoupe!

Pun. My dog Villain, or I wil hang thee: thou hast confest robberies, & other fellonious acts to this Gentlemā thy *Countenance*

Sog. Ile beare no witnesse.

Punt. And without my Dog I will hang thee, for them.

Shift kneeles.

Sog. VVhat? kneele to thine enemie?

Shift. Pardon mee good sir; God is my Iudge I neuer did Robberie in all my life.

Enter Fungoso.

Fung. O sir *Puntarvolo*, your Dog lies giuing vp the ghost in the wood-yard.

Maci. S'blood is he not dead yet?

Punt. O, my Dogge borne to disastrous fortune! pray you conduct me sir. *Exit Punt. with Fung.*

Sog. How? did you neuer doe any robberie in your life?

Mac. O this is good: so he swore sir.

Sog. I, I heard him. And did you sweare true sir?

Shift. I (as God shall haue part of my soule Sir) I ne're rob'd any man I; neuer stood by the high-way side Sir, but only said so, because I would get my selfe a name and be counted a tall man.

Sog. Now out base *Viliaco*: Thou my *Resolution*? I thy *Countenance*? By this light Gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most inexorable companie of Robberies, and damn'd himselfe that he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell out, follow me no more I commaund thee: out of my sight, goe, hence, speake not: I will not heare thee; away *Camouccio*.

Mac. O, how I doe feed vpon this now, and fat my selfe: here were a couple vnexpectedly dishumor'd: well, by this time I hope sir *Punt a volo* and his Dog are both out of Humor to trauaile: nay Gentlemen, why do you not seeke out the Knight, and comfort him? our Supper at the Mitre must of necessitie hold to night, if you loue your Reputations.

Fast. 'Fore God I am so Melancholly for his Dogges disaster, but i'le go. (cholly.

Sog. Faith and I may goe too, but I know I shalbe so Melan-

Mac. Tush, Melancholly? you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercie of a Furie: *Carlo* will racke your sinews asunder, and raile you to dust if you come not. *Exeũt.*

GREX. { *Mit.* O then their feare of *Carlo* belike, makes them hold their meeting.
Cor. I, here he comes: conceiue him but to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Carlo.

Carl. Holla: where be these Shotmarkes? *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. By and by: you're welcome good master *Buffone*.

Carl. VVhere's *George*? call me *George* hither quickly.

Draw. VVhat wine please you haue Sir? I'le draw you that's neat Master *Buffone*.

Car. Away *Neophite*, do as I bid; bring my deare *George* to me: Masse here he comes. *Enter George.*

Georg. VVelcome Master *Carlo*.

Carl. VVhat's Supper readie, *George*?

Geor. I sir, almost: will you haue the cloth laid, Master *Carlo*?

Carl. O, what else: are none of the Gallants come yet?

Georg. None yet sir.

Carl. Stay, take me with you *George*: let me haue a good fat Loine of Porke laid to the fire presently.

Georg. It shall sir.

Carl. And withall, heare you? draw me the biggest shaft you haue out of the But you wot of: away, you know my meaning *George*, quicke.

George. Done sir. *Exit.*

Carl. S'bloud, I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life, as I doe to know our Gallants successe at the Court: now is that leane Bald-rib *Macilente*, that salt Villaine, plotting some mischieuous deuise, and lyes a soking in their frothy Humours like a dry crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp: could the Kecks but hold vp's eyes at other mens happinesse in any reasonable proportion, S'lid the slaue were to be loued next Heauen, aboue Honour, VVealth, rich Fare, Apparell, VVenches, all the delights of the Bellie, and the Groine, whatsoeuer.

Georg. Here, master *Carlo*.

Carl. Is't right, Boy?

Geor. I sir, I assure you 'tis right.

Carl. VVell said, my deare *George*, depart: Come, my small Gymblet, you in the false scabberd, away; } *Puts forth the Drawer* so: Now to you sir *Burgomaster*, let's tast of } *and shuts the dore.* your Bountie.

GREX.

Mit. } what, will he deale vpon such quantities of wine alone.

Cord. } You shall perceiue that sir. *He drinkes.*

Carl. I

Carl. I mary sir, here's puritie · O *George*, I could bite off thy nose for this now: Sweet Rogue, he has drawne *Nectar*, the very Soule of the Grape: I'le wash my temples with some on't presently, and drinke some halfe a score draughts; 'twill heat the Braine, kindle my imagination, I shall talke nothing but Crackers and Fire-worke to night. So sir; Please you to be here sir, and I here: So.

He sets the two cups asunder, and first drinkes with the one, and pledges with the other.

GREX. *Cord.* This is worth the obseruation, Signior.

Carl. 1 *cup.* Now sir, here's to you; and I present you with so much of my loue.

2 *Cup.* I take it kindly from you sir. (*Drinkes.*) And will return you the like proportion: but withall sir, remembring the merrie night we had at the Countesses; you know where sir.

1 *Cup.* By Iesu you doe put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I wil propose in your pledge sir. The health of that honorable Countesse, & the sweet Lady that sat by her sir.

2 I do vail to it with reuerence. (*Drinks.*) 2 And now Signior, with these Ladies, I'le be bold to mixe the health of your Diuine Mistresse. 1 Doe you know her sir? 2 O Lord sir, I, and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most pretious drugge in the world.

1 Good faith sir, you do honor me in't exceedingly. (*Drinks.*)

GREX.

Mit. } VVhome should he personate in this, Signior?
Cord. } Faith I know not sir, obserue, obserue him.

2 If it were the basest filth or mud that runnes in the channell, I am bound to pledge it by God sir. (*Drinks.*) And now sir, here is againe a repleniſht bowle sir, which I will *reciprocally* returne vpon you to the health of the *Count Frugale*. 1 The *Count Frugales* health sir? I'le pledge it on my knees by Iesu. 2 VVill you sir? I'le drinke it on my knees then, by the Lord. (*Drinkes.*)

GREX.

Mit. } VVhy this is straunge.
Cor. } Ha' you heard a better drunken Dialogue?

2 Nay,

2 Nay, doe me right Sir. 1 So I doe in good faith. 2 Good faith you do not; mine was fuller. 1 VVhy by Iesu it was not. 2 By Iesu it was, and you do lie. 1 Lie sir. 2 I sir. 1 S'wounds you Rascall. 2 O, come, stab if you haue a mind to it. 1 Stab? dost thou thinke I dare not? (*In his owne person*) Nay, I beseech you Gentlemen, what meanes this; nay looke, for shame respect your Reputations.

Ouerturnes Wine, Pot, Cups, and all.

Enter Macilente.

Mac. VVhy how now *Carlo*, what Humor's this?

Carl. O my good *Mischiefe*, art thou come? where are the rest? where are the rest?

Mac. Faith three of our Ordinance are burst.

Carl. Burst? how comes that?

Mac. Faith ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

Carl. But did not the traine hold?

Mac. O yes, and the poore Lady is irrecouerably blown vp.

Carl. VVhy, but which of the Munition is miscarried? ha?

Maci. Inprimis, Sir *Puntarvolo*: next, the *Countenance*, and *Resolution*.

Carl. How? how for the loue of God?

Mac. Troth the *Resolution* is proou'd Recreant; the *Countenance* hath chang'd his Coppie; and the Passionate Knight, is shedding Funerall teares ouer his departed Dogge.

Carl. VVhat's his Dogge dead?

Mac. Poison'd 'tis thought: marry how, or by whome, that's left for some Cunning woman heere o'the Banke-side to resolue: For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like to haue an exceeding Melancholly Supper of it.

Carl. S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merrie: I had drunke off a good Preparatiue of old Sacke heere: but will they come, will they come?

Mac. They will assuredly come: mary *Carlo* (as thou lou'st me) runne ouer 'hem all freely to night, and especially the Knight; spare no *Sulphurious* jeast that may come out of that sweatie Forge of thine, but ply 'hem with all manner of Shot,

Minion,

Minion, Saker, Culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

Carl. I warrant thee my deare Case of *Pistolets*, so I stand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. VVhy my good *Germane* Tapster, I will.

Carl. VVhat *George. Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.* *Daunceth.*

Georg. Did you call, Master *Carlo*?

Carl. More *Nectar, George: Lomtero, &c.*

Geor. Your meat's readie sir, and your companie were come.

Carl. Is the Loine of Porke enough?

Geor. I Sir, it is enough.

Maci. Porke? S'heart what doest thou with such a greasie Dish; I thinke thou dost Varnish thy face with the fat on't, it lookes so like a Glew-pot.

Carl. True, my Raw-bon'd Rogue: and if thou would'st farce thy leane Ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged Lathes) rub out so many Dublets as they do: but thou know'st not a good Dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world: No maruaile though that saucie stubborne Generation the *Iewes*, were forbidden it: for what would they ha' done, well pamper'd with fat Porke, that durst murmure at their maker out of Garlicke and Onions. Sblood fed with it, the horson strummell patcht, Goggle-ey'd Grumbledories, would ha' Gigantomachiz'd. VVell said my sweet *George*, fill, fill.

GREX.

Mit. This sauours too much of Prophanation.

Cor. *O seruetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.* The necessitie of his vaine compels a tolleration: for, barre this, and dash him out of Humor before his time.

Carl. 'Tis an *Axiome* in Naturall Philosophie, *What comes nearest the Nature of that it feeds, conuerts quicker to nourishment, and dooth sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in Flesh and Entrailes, *assimulates* or resembles Man more, than a Hog or Swine. (*Drinkes*)

Maci. True; and hee (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes d'offeth off his owne Nature, and puts on theirs; as when hee becomes as churlish as a Hogge, or as drunke as a Sow: but to

your concluſion. (*Drinkes.*)

Car. Mary I ſay, nothing reſembling Man more than a Swine, it follows, nothing can bee more nouriſhing: for indeed (but that it abhorres from our nice Nature) if we fed one vpon another, we ſhould ſhoot vp a great deale faſter, and thriue much better: I referre me to your Long-lane *Cannibals*, or ſuch like: but ſince 'tis ſo contrarie, Porke, Porke, is your only feed.

Maci. I take it your Deuill bee of the ſame Diet; hee would ne're ha' deſir'd to been incorporated into Swine elſe. O here comes the Melancholly meſſe: vpon 'hem *Carlo*, charge, charge.

Enter Puntarvolo, Faſtidius, Sogliardo, Fungoſo.

Carl. 'Fore God ſir *Puntarvolo*, I am ſorie for your heauineſſe; Bodie a mee, a ſhrewd miſchaunce: why had you no *Vnicornes* horne, nor *Bezars* ſtone about you? ha?

Punt. Sir, I would requeſt you be ſilent.

Maci. Nay, to him againe.

Carl. Take comfort good Knight, if your Cat ha' recouered her Cataract, feare nothing; your Dogges miſchance may bee holpen.

Faſt. Say how (ſweet *Carlo*) for ſo God mend mee, the poore Knights mones draw mee into fellowſhip of his misfortunes. But be not diſcouraged good ſir *Puntarvolo*, I am content your aduenture ſhall be perform'd vpon your Cat.

Maci. I beleeue you Muske-cod, I beleeue you, for rather than thou would'ſt make preſent repaimēt, thou would'ſt take it vpon his owne bare returne from *Callice*.

Carl. Nay Gods life, hee'ld bee content (ſo he were well rid out of his companie) to pay him fiue for one at his next meeting him in *Paules*. But for your Dogge, ſir *Puntar*, if hee be not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine a *Quack-ſaluer*, ſhall put life in him againe, that's certaine.

Fung. O no, that comes too late.

Maci. Gods pretious Knight, will you ſuffer this?

Punt. Drawer; get me a Candle and hard waxe preſently.

Sog. I, and bring vp Supper; for I am ſo Melancholly.

Carl. Ah Signior, where's your *Reſolution*?

Sog. *Reſolution*! hang him Raſcall: O *Carlo*, if you loue me, do not mention him.

Carl. VVhy, how ſo? how ſo?

Sog. O the arrant'ſt *Crocodile* that euer Chriſtian was acquainted with. By Ieſu, I ſhall thinke the worſe of *Tabacco* while I liue for his ſake: I did thinke him to be as tall a man——

Maci. Nay *Buffone*, the Knight, the Knight.

Car. Sblood, hee lookes like an Image carued out of Boxe, full of knots: his Face is (for all the world) like a Dutch purſe with the mouth downeward; his beard's the Taſſels: and hee walkes (let me ſee) as Melancholly as one o' the Maſters ſide in the *Counter*. Doe you heare ſir *Puntar*?

Punt. Sir, I doe entreat you no more, but enjoyne you to ſilence, as you affect your peace.

Carl. Nay but deare Knight vnderſtand (here are none but friends, and ſuch as wiſh you wel) I would ha' you do this now; Flea me your Dog preſently (but in any caſe keep the head) & ſtuffe his skin well with ſtraw, as you ſee theſe dead monſters at *Bartholmew* faire.

Punt. I ſhall be ſuddaine I tell you.

Carl. Or if you like not that ſir, giue me ſomewhat a leſſe dog and clap into the skin; here's a ſlaue about the towne here, a Iew, one *Yohan*; or a fellow that makes Periwigs will glew it on artificially, it ſhall ne're be diſcern'd; beſides, 'twill be ſo much the warmer for the Hound to trauell in you know.

Maci. Sir *Puntarvolo*, Sdeath can you be ſo patient?

Carl. Or thus Sir: you may haue (as you come through Germanie) a Familiar for little or nothing ſhall turn it ſelfe into the ſhape of your Dogge, or any thing (what you will) for certaine howers: Gods my life knight, what do you meane? youle offer no violence, will you? Hold, hold.

Punt. Sbloud you ſlaue, you Bandog you.

Car. As you loue God, ſtay the enraged knight, Gentlemen.

Punt. By my knighthood, hee that ſtirres in his reſcue, dies. Drawer, be gone.

Carl. Murder, murder, murder.

Punt. I are you houling, you VVolfe? Gentlemen, as you tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my reuenge bee perfect. Sirha *Buffone*, lie downe; make no exclamations, but downe; downe you Curre, or I will make thy blood flow on my Rapier hilts.

Carl. Sweet knight hold in thy furie, and 'fore God Ile honour thee more than the Turke dos *Mahomet*.

Punt. Downe (I say.) VVhose there?

Const. Here's the Constable, open the dores. *Within.*

Carl. Good *Macilente*.

Punt. Open no dore, if the *Adalantado* of Spaine were here, he should not enter: On, helpe me with the light, Gentlemen: you knocke in vaine sir officer.

Carl. Et tu Brute.

Punt. Sirha close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes by heauen.

Carl. O, O. *They seale vp his lips.*

Const. Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

Maci. Nay good Constable haue patience a little, you shall come in presently, we haue almost done.

Punt. So; now, are you out of your humour sir. Shift Gentlemen. *They all draw & Exeunt.*

Enter Constable with Officers, and stay Briske.

Const. Lay hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me sir? for what? (panions.

Const. Mary for your riot here sir, with the rest of your com-

Fast. My riot! God's my judge, take heed what you doe; *Carlo* did I offer any violence?

Const. O sir, you see he is not in case to answere you, and that makes you so paramptorie.

Fast. Peremptorie, Slife I appeale to the Drawers, if I did him any hard measure. *Enter George.*

George. They are all gone, there's none of them will bee laid any hold on.

Const. VVell sir, you are like to answere till the rest can bee found out.

Fast. Sbloud

Fast. S'bloud I appeale to *George* here.

Const. Tut *George* was not here: away with him to the *Counter* sirs. Come sir, you were best get your selfe drest somewhere.

Exeunt. *Manent two Drawers.*

Georg. Good Lord, that master *Carlo* could not take heed, and knowing what a Gentleman the Knight is if he be angrie.

Drawer. A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meat on our hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

Enter Macilente.

Mac. VVhat, are they gone sirs?

Georg. O here's master *Macilente*.

Mac. Sirrah *George*, do you see that concealement there? that Napkin vnder the Table?

Georg. Godsso', Signior *Fungoso*!

Mac. Hee's a good pawne for the reckoning; be sure you keepe him here, and let him not goe away till I come againe, though he offer to discharge all; I'le returne presently.

Georg. Sirrah we haue a pawne for the Reckoning.

Draw. VVhat? of *Macilente*?

Georg. No; looke vnder the Table.

Fung. I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this street, I care not. Masters, I pray you tell me, is the Constable gone?

Lookes out vnder the Table.

Georg. VVhat? Master *Fungoso*?

Fung. VVas't not a good deuise the same of me Sirs?

Geor. Yes faith; ha' you been here all this while?

Fung. O God I: good sirs looke and the coast be cleare, I'ld faine be going.

Georg. All's cleare Sir, but the Reckoning; and that you must cleare and pay before you go, I assure you.

Fung. I pay? S'light, I care not a bit since I came into the house yet.

Draw. VVhy you may when you please Sir, 'tis all ready below that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken? not by me, I hope?

Geor. By you sir? I know not that: but 'twas for you and your

companie, I am ſure.

Fung. My company? S'lid I was an inuited gueſt, ſo I was.

Draw. Faith we haue nothing to doe with that Sir, they're all gone but you, and wee muſt be anſwer'd; that's the ſhort and the long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my Maſters, then would this Pot, Cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a croſſe about me.

Georg. VVhat, and haue ſuch Apparell? Doe not ſay ſo, Signior, that mightily diſcredits your cloathes.

Fung. By Ieſu the Taylor had all my money this morning, and yet I muſt be faine to alter my Sute too: good Sirs, let me goe, 'tis Friday night; and in good truth I haue no ſtomack in the world to eat any thing.

Draw. That's no matter ſo you pay Sir.

Fung. Pay? Gods light, with what conſcience can you aske me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

Georg. Yes Sir, I did ſee you drinke once.

Fung. By this Cup (which is *ſiluer*) but you did not, you doe me infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once indeed, but I did not drinke.

Draw. VVell ſir, if you can ſatisfie my Maſter, it ſhall be all one to vs. By and by. *One calls George within.*

Exeunt.

GREX.

Cord. Looſe not your ſelfe now, Signior.

Enter Macilente and Deliro.

Maci. Tut ſir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you moſt tranſparent, in ſpight of any duſt of ſuſpition, that may be raiſed to dimme it: and henceforth ſince I ſee it is ſo againſt your Humor, I will neuer labour to perſuade you.

Deli. VVhy I thanke you Signior, but what's that you tell me may concerne my peace ſo much?

Mac. Faith ſir, 'tis thus. Your wiues brother Signior *Fungoſo* being at ſupper to night at a Tauerne with a ſort of Gallants:

 there

there happened some diuision amongst 'hem, and he is left in pawne for the Reckoning: now if euer you look that time shall present you with a happie occasion to doe your wife some gracious & acceptable seruice, take hold of this opportunitie, and presently go and redeeme him; for being her brother, and his credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall heare (as he cannot himselfe, but hee must of extremitie report it) that you came and offered your self so kindly, and with that respect of his Reputation, S'lud the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your affections.

Deli. Now by heauen *Macilente*, I acknowledge my selfe exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your loue; and I am sorry to remember that I was euer so rude to neglect a friend of your worth, bring me shoes and a cloke there, I was going to bed if you had not come, what Tauerne is it?

Mac. The Mitre sir.

Deli. O; why *Fido*, my shoes. Good faith it cannot but please her exceedingly. *Enter Fallace.*

Fall. Come, I marl'e what peece of nightworke you haue in hand now, that you call for your cloake and your shoes: what, is this your Pandor?

Deli. O sweet wife speake lower, I would not he should heare thee for a world——

Fall. Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his treacherie, with his wild quicke-set beard there. VVhither goe you now with him?

Deli. No whither with him deare wife, I go alone to a place, from whence I will returne instantly. Good *Macilente* acquaint not her with it by any meanes, it may come so much the more accepted, frame some other answere, I'le come backe immediatly. *Exit Deliro.*

Fall. Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you go, stay till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

Mac. Heare you Mistres *Deliro.*

Fall. So sir, and what say you?

Mac. Faith Ladie, my intents will not deserue this slight re-

spect

ſpect, when you ſhall know 'hem. (ſake?

Fall. Your intents? why, what may your intent be for Gods

Mac. Troth the time allows no circumſtance Lady, therefore know, this was but a deuiſe to remooue your Husband hence, and beſtow him ſecurely, whil'ſt (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monſieur *Briske*; nay comfort ſweet Ladie. This night (being at ſupper) a ſort of young Gallants committed a Riot, for the which he (onely) is apprehended and carried to the *Counter*, where if your Husband & other Creditors ſhould but haue knowledge of him, the poore Gentleman were vndone for euer.

Fall. Aye me, that he were.

Maci. Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any preſent meanes for his deliuerie, doe not forſlow it. A bribe to the officer that committed him, will doe it.

Fall. O God ſir, he ſhall not want for a bribe: pray you, will you commend me to him, and ſay I'le viſit him preſently.

Mac. No Lady, I ſhall do you better ſeruice in protracting your husbands returne, that you may go with more ſafetie?

Exit.

Fall. Good truth ſo you may; farewell good Sir. Lord how a woman may be miſtaken in a man? I would haue ſworne vpon all the Teſtaments in the world he had not lou'd maſter *Briske*. Bring me my keyes there maid: Alaſſe good Gentleman, if all I haue i'this earthly world will pleaſure him, it ſhall be at his ſeruice. *Exit.*

GREX.

Mit. How *Macilente* ſweats i'this buſineſſe, if you mark him?

Cord. I, you ſhall ſee the true picture of Spight anon, here comes the Pawne and his Redeemer.

Enter Deliro, Fungoſo, Drawer following them.

Deli. Come brother, be not diſcourag'd for this man, what?

Drawer. No truly, I am not diſcourag'd, but I proteſt to you Brother I haue done imitating any more Gallants either in purſe or apparell, but as ſhall become a Gentleman for good carriage or ſo.

Deli. You

Deli. You say well. This is all i' the bill here? is't not?

Georg. I Sir.

Deli. There's your money, tell it: and Brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my loue to you.

Fung. I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I liue.

Deli. VVhat is't right?

Geor. I Sir; and I thanke you. (is paid.

Fung. Let me haue a Capons legge sau'd, now the reckoning

Geor. You shall Sir. *Exit.* *Enter Maci.*

Maci. VVhere's Signior *Deliro*?

Deli. Here *Macilente*.

Maci. Harke you sir, ha' you dispatcht this same?

Deli. I marry haue I.

Maci. VVell then, I can tell you news, *Briske* is i' the Counter.

Deli. I' the Counter?

Mac. 'Tis true Sir, committed for the stirre here to night. Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindnesse done him to his sister, which will so pleasingly possesse her, and out of his mouth too, that i' the meane time you may clap your Action on *Briske*, and your wife (being in so happie a mood) cannot entertaine it ill by any meanes.

Deli. 'Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

Mac. Thinke? why 'ts past thought, you shall neuer meete the like opportunitie, I assure you.

Deli. I will doe it. Brother pray you go home afore, this Gent. and I haue some priuate businesse; and tell my sweet wife, Ile come presently.

Fung. I will Brother.

Maci. And Signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see?) made you a man of good Reckoning; redeem'd that you neuer were possest of, Credite; gaue you as Gentlemanlike terms as might be; found no fault with your comming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay I am out of those Humors now.

Maci. VVell, if you be out, keepe your distance, and bee not made a Shot-clog no more. Come Sig. let's make hast. *Exeunt.*

Enter Briske and Fallace.

Fall. O maister *Fastidius*, what pittie is't to see so sweet a man as you are in so soure a place? *and kisses him.*

GREX.

Cord. } As vpon her lips do's she meane?
Mit. } O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter* belike?

Fast. Troth faire Ladie, 'tis first the pleasure of the Fates, and next of the Constable to haue it so, but, I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visitation.

Fall. Nay, you shall bee comforted in me more than this, if you please Sir. I sent you word by my Brother Sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no?

Fast. No beleeue it, sweet Creature, your Brother gaue mee no such *intelligence.*

Fall. O the Lord!

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

Fall. O God Maister *Briske*, yes: and therefore bee presently discharg'd; for if he come with his Actions vpon you (Lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a score yeare; he kept a poor man in Ludgate once, twelue year for *sixteene shillings*. VVhere's your keeper, for Gods loue call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you, Lord how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

Fast. No sweet mistresse, why are you in this passion.

Fall. O Christ Maister *Fastidius*, if you knew how I tooke vp my husband to day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that persuaded him to't, the Scholler there, (who on my conscience loues you now) & what care I tooke to send you *intelligence* by my Brother; and how I gaue him foure Soueraignes for his paines; and now, how I came running out hether without man or boy with mee, so soone as I heard on't; you'ld say, I were in a Passion indeed: your keeper for Gods sake. O Master *Brisk* (as 'tis in *Euphues*) *Hard is the choise, when one is*

compelled either by ſilence to die with greef, or by ſpeaking to liue with ſhame.

Faſt. Faire Ladie I conceiue you, and may this kiſſe aſſure you, that where Aduerſitie hath (as it were) contracted, Proſperitie ſhall not——Gods light your Husband.

Fall. O mee!

Enter Deliro. Macilente.

Deli. I? is't thus!

Maci. VVhy how now Signior *Deliro*? has the VVolfe ſeene you? ha? hath *Gorgons* head made marble on you?

Deli. Some Planet ſtrike me dead.

Maci. VVhy looke you Sir, I told you, you might haue ſuſpected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha 'ſau'd this labor of Admiration now, and Paſsion, and ſuch extremities as this fraile lumpe of Fleſh is ſubiect vnto. Nay, why do you not dote now Signior? Mee thinkes you ſhould ſay it were ſome Enchantment, *Deceptio viſus*, or ſo, ha? if you could perſuade your ſelfe it were a dreame now, 'twere excellent: faith trie what you can doe Signior; it may bee your Imagination will bee brought to it in time, there's nothing impoſsible.

Fall. Sweet Husband?

Deli. Out laſciuious Strumpet. *Exit Deliro.*

Maci. VVhat? did you ſee how ill that ſtale vain became him afore, of Sweet VVife, and Deare heart? and are you falne juſt into the ſame now? with Sweet Husband. Away, follow him, goe, keepe ſtate, what? Remember you are a woman: turn impudent: gi' him not the head, though you gi' him the hornes, Away. *Exit Fallace.*

And yet mee thinkes you ſhould take your leaue of *Infans-perdus* here, your forlorne hope. How now Mounſieur *Brisk*: what? Friday at night? and in affliction too? and yet your *Pulpamenta*? your delicate Morſels: I perceiue the affection of Ladies and Gentlewomen, purſues you whereſoeuer you goe Mounſieur.

Faſt. Now in good faith (and as I am Gentle) there could not haue come a thing i' this world to haue diſtracted mee more than the wrinckled fortunes of this poore Dame.

Maci. O yes Sir: I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, beleeue it. Signior *Deliro* has entred three Actions against you, three Actions Mounsieur: marry one of them (Ile put you in comfort) is but three thousand mark, and the other two some fiue thousand pound together, trifles, trifles.

Fast. O God, I am vndone.

Maci. Nay not altogether so Sir, the Knight must haue his hundred pound repai'd, that 'll helpe too, and then sixescore pound for a Diamond: you know where? these be things will weigh Mounsieur; they will weigh.

Fast. O Iesu!

Maci. VVhat doe you sigh? this it is to kisse the hand of a Counteſſe, to haue hir Coach sent for you, to hang Poinards in Ladies garters, to weare Bracelets of their haire, and for euery one of these great fauours to giue some slight Iewell of fiue hundred crownes, or so, why 'tis nothing. Now Mounsieur, you see the plague that treads o' the heeles of your fopperie, well, goe your waies in; Remoue your selfe to the two-penny ward quickly to saue charges, and there set vp your rest to spend Sir *Puntars* hundred pound for him. Away good *Pomander*, goe.

Exit Briske.

VVhy here's a change: Now is my soule at peace,
I am as emptie of all Enuie now,
As they of merit to be envied at,
My Humor (like a flame) no longer lasts
Than it hath stuffe to feed it, and their vertue,
Being now rak't vp in embers of their Follie,
Affords no ampler Subject to my Spirit;
I am so farre from malicing their states,
That I begin to pittie them: it greeues me
To thinke they haue a *being*; I could wish
They might turne wise vpon it, and be sau'd now,
So Heauen were pleas'd: but let them vanish Vapors.
And now with *Aspers* tongue (though not his shape)
Kind *Patrons* of our sports (you that can judge,
And with discerning thoughts measure the pace

Of our straunge Muse in this her *Maze* of Humor,
You, whose true Notions doe confine the formes
And nature of sweet *Poesie*) to you
I tender solemne and most duteous thankes,
For your stretcht patience and attentiue grace.
VVe know (and we are pleas'd to know so much)
The Cates that you haue tasted were not season'd
For euery vulgar Pallat, but prepar'd
To banket pure and apprehensiue eares:
Let then their Voices speake for our desert;
Be their *Applause* the Trumpet to proclaime
Defiance to rebelling Ignorance,
And the greene spirits of some tainted Few,
That (spight of pittie) betray themselues
To Scorne and Laughter; and like guiltie Children,
Publish their *infancie* before their time,
By their owne fond exception: Such as these
VVee pawne 'hem to your *censure*, till Time, VVit,
Or Obseruation, set some stronger seale
Of *iudgement* on their iudgements; and entreat
The happier spirits in this faire-fild Globe,
(So many as haue sweet minds in their breasts,
And are too wise to thinke themselues are taxt
In any generall Figure, or too vertuous
To need that wisdomes imputation:)
That with their bounteous *Hands* they would confirme
This, as their pleasures *Pattent*: which so sign'd,
Our leane and spent Endeauours shall renue
Their Beauties with the *Spring* to smile on you.

FINIS.

IT had another *Catastrophe* or Conclusion, at the first Playing: which (διὰ τὸ τὴν βασίλισσαν προσωποποιεῖσθαι) many seem'd not to rellish it; and therefore 'twas since alter'd: yet that a right-ei'd and solide *Reader* may perceiue it was not so great a part of the Heauen awry, as they would make it; we request him but to looke downe vpon these following Reasons.

1 *There hath been* President *of the like Presentation in diuers Playes: and is yeerely in our Cittie* Pageants *or shewes of* Triumph.

2 *It is to be [illegible], that* Macilente *being so strongly possest [illegible] (as the* Poet *heere makes him) it must bee no sleight or common* Object, *that should effect so suddaine and straunge a cure vpon him, as the putting him cleane* Out of his Humor.

3 *If his* Imagination *had discours't the whole world ouer for an* Object, *it could not haue met with a more Proper, Eminent, or worthie* Figure, *than that of her Maiesties: which his* Election *(though boldly, yet respectiuely) vs'd to a* Morall *and* Mysterious *end.*

4 *His greedinesse to catch at any* Occasion, *that might expresse his affection to his* Soueraigne, *may worthily plead for him.*

5 *There was nothing (in his examin'd* Opinion) *that could more neare or truly exemplifie the power and strength of her Inualuable* Vertues, *than the working of so perfect a* Miracle *on so oppos'd a* Spirit, *who not only persisted in his* Humor, *but was now come to the* Court *with a purpos'd resolution (his Soule as it were new drest in* Enuie) *to maligne at any thing that should front him; when sodainly (against expectation,*

pectation, and all steele of his Malice) *the verie wonder of* [illegible] Presence *strikes him to the earth dumbe, and astonisht. From whence rising and recouering heart, his* Passion *thus vtters it selfe.*

Maci. Blessed, Diuine, Vnblemisht, Sacred, Pure,
Glorious immortall, and indeed *Immense*;
O that I had a world of Attributes,
To lend or adde to this high *Maiestie*:
Neuer till now did *Obiect* greet mine eyes
VVith any light Content: but in her *Graces*
All my malitious Powers haue lost their stings:
Enuie is fled my Soule at sight of her,
And shee hath chac'd all blacke thoughts [illegible]
Like as the *Sunne* doth darkenesse from the [illegible]
My streame of *Humor* is run out of me:
And as our Cities *Torrent* (bent t'infect
The hallow'd bowels of the siluer *Thames*)
Is checkt by strength and cleareneſſe of [illegible]
Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore;
So in the ample and vnmeasur'd Flood
Of her *Perfections*, are my *Passions* drown'd:
And I haue now a *Spirit* as sweet and cleere,
As the most rarefi'd and subtill Aire;
VVith which, and with a heart as pure as Fire,
(Yet humble as the Earth) doe I implore, *He kneeles.*
O *Heauen*: that Shee (whose *Figure* hath effected
This change in me) may neuer suffer Change
In her Admir'd and happie Gouernment:
May still this *Iland* be call'd *Fortunate*,
And Rugged *Treason* tremble at the sound
VVhen *Fame* shall speake it with an *Emphasis*.
Let forraine *Pollicie* be dull as Lead,
And pale *Inuasion* come with halfe a heart
VVhen he but lookes vpon her blessed Soile:

[illegible]e Throat of *Warre* be stopt within her Land,
And Turtle-footed *Peace* daunce fairie Rings
About her Court; where neuer may there come
Suspect or *Daunger*, but all *Trust* and *Safetie*:
Let *Flatterie* be dumbe, and *Enuie* blind
In her dread Presence: *Death* himselfe admire her:
And may her *Vertues* make him to forget
The vse of his ineuitable hand.
Fly from her *Age*; Sleepe *Time* before her Throne,
Our strongest wall falls downe when she is gone.

Here the Trumpets sound a flourish, in which time Macilente conuerts [illegible] supply the place of GREX, and speakes.

GREX.

[illegible] like you it? has't not ben tedious?
[illegible] *censuring*, now.

[illegible]

[illegible]cause wee'le imitate your *Actors*, and be out of [illegible] here are those (round about you) of more [illegible] we, whose iudgements can giue it a more [illegible] wee'le refeare you to them.

[illegible] VVell, Gentlemen, I should haue gone [illegible] as I was *Asper* at the first: but (by reason [illegible]d haue been somwhat long, and wee are loth to [illegible]ience any farder) wee'le intreat you to imagine [illegible] (that you may see I will be out of *Humor* for companie) I stand wholly to your kind *Approbation*, and (indeed) am nothing so peremptorie as I was in the beginning: Marie I will [illegible] *Plautus* in his *Amphitryo* for all this (*Summi Iouis can-* [illegible] a *Plaudite* for Gods sake; but if you (out of [illegible] your good liking) will bestow it; why, you may (in [illegible]) make leane *Macilente* as fat as *Sir Iohn Fallstaffe*.

Exeunt.

[illegible] ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor.